Fit "TripleX" -and be safe Riley do

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLI No. 1967 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — OCTOBER 2 1937

Selsdon Park Hotel

Sanderstead, Surrey, England.
Telephone: Sanderstead 2001.
Half-an-hour from the City and West End yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.

WINTER TERMS
REDUCTION 20%–25%
No alteration in Standard.

FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yards) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.

Full en pension with free service to Station; billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, magnificent solarium, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths.

Illustrated brochure free on request.

GILBEY'S GIN
all over the world
Gilbey's WINES & SPIRITS

The Talk o' the Town
SILVERDALE TEA
Write for Particulars: SILVERDALE
1, PAUL STREET, LONDON, E.C.2

ROSS'S
Indian tonic water
blends with any fine gin in a subtle mellow harmony

WILL you help us to maintain and train our 1,100 poor boys and girls?
DONATIONS AND LEGACIES URGENTLY NEEDED
THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2
President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, K.G.

SPINK Cash Buyers of FINE JEWELS · DIAMONDS
ANTIQUE & MODERN SILVER
5,6,&7, KING ST., ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1. *Estd.1772.* Telephone: Whitehall 5275 (5 lines)

THE LIQUEUR OF OLD ROMANCE
Drambuie
THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH
An Indispensable Part of a Good Cocktail
We recommend the Isle of Skye Cocktail, 1/3rd each Lemon Juice, Drambuie, Gin.

BY APPOINTMENT
GAYMER'S CYDER
WM. GAYMER & SON LTD.
ATTLEBOROUGH, ENGLAND.

Mothersills
STOPS and PREVENTS
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
ALL TRAVEL SICKNESS BY SEA, AIR, TRAIN, OR MOTOR
Of all Chemists throughout the World.

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
FOR INSURANCE
HEAD OFFICE: 83 PALL MALL S.W.1

PRICE ONE SHILLING REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM. Office: 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Town Coats

TWO SMALL-SIZE SPECIALTIES

Black Coat with detachable bolero of Indian Lamb.

19½ gns.

Copy of an American model trimmed with Persian Lamb. In black only.

12½ gns.

Small-Sizes Salon—Third Floor.

Swan & Edgar LTD

Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1. *'Phone: REGent 1616*

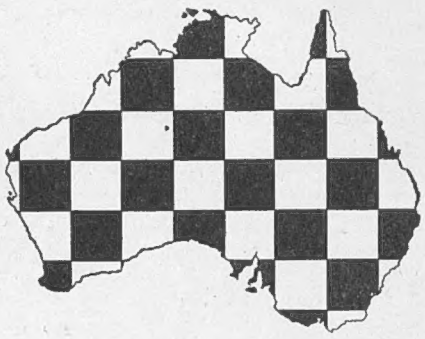
Buy yourself a GOOD Pen

A LEVERLESS OR VISOFIL

UNEQUALLED for long life and complete dependability. Swan offer the world's two most modern pens. The VISOFIL ('Big-fill') holds more ink and shows when to refill and the LEVERLESS ('Quick-fill') is second to none for speed and simplicity in filling. In both these models you will find that individual master-touch which has always made writing with a Swan so delightful.

Swan Pens

The Visofil Swan with mounts and clip of rolled gold, 25/-. The Leverless Swan from 17/6. Other Swans from 10/6. Available in many styles and colours, with nibs to suit all hands. Made by Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd., Sunderland House, Curzon St., Mayfair, London, W.1, & Branches.



LAND OF CONTRASTS

That is one way of describing Australia: but it does less than justice to a strange and fascinating continent. Here are vast modern cities, ordered, bustling, gay; here, too, are huge, unpeopled, unexploited territories where the naked black fellow still hunts his food with stone axe and spear. Every year the band of English tourists to the Antipodes grows greater and greater. This year being Anniversary Year, the Orient Line offer special rates and special facilities for inclusive inland tours.

ROUND VOYAGE AND 150th ANNIVERSARY TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES.

1st Class: £155 & £165. *Tourist:* Two-berth cabin from £73 . 10 . 0. Four-berth cabin from £67 . 10 . 0. *Tourist B:* From £60.

Ask for "AUSTRALIAN SCRAPBOOK."

ORIENT LINE

Managers: **Anderson, Green & Co., Ltd., 5, Fenchurch Ave., London, E.C.3**

West End Offices: 14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1; and No. 1 Australia House, Strand, W.C.2. *Telephones:* MAN. 3456, WHI. 6981, TEM. 2258, or Agents.

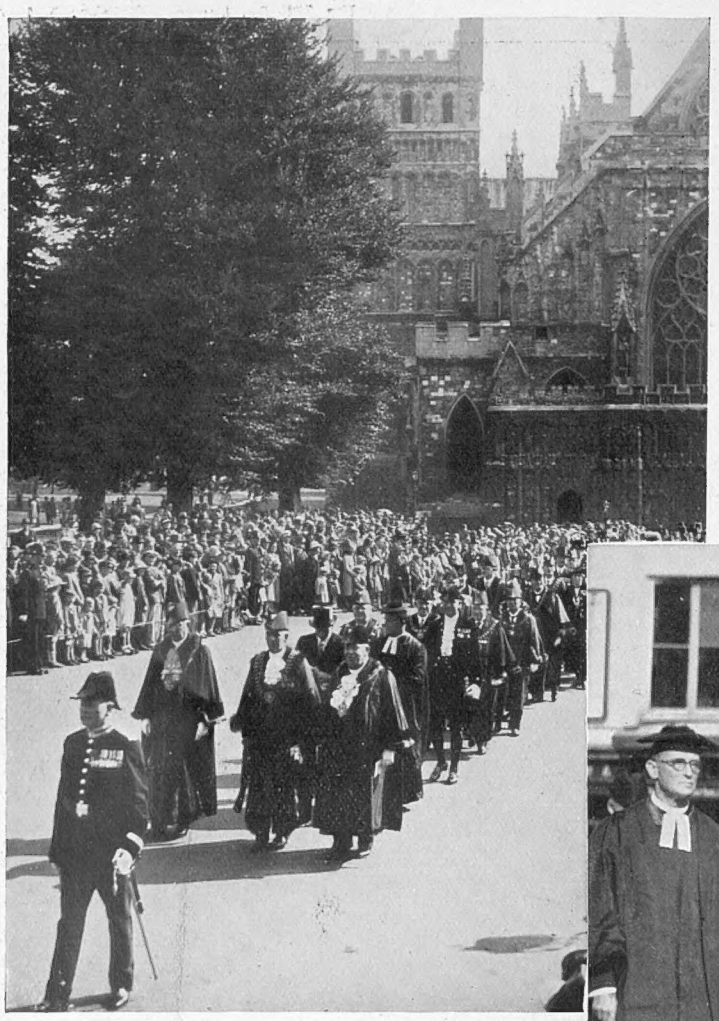
THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, October 2, 1937

DUCE MEETS FÜHRER

Signor Mussolini Leaving Munich Station with Herr Hitler on Arrival in Germany on His Widely Publicised Official Visit

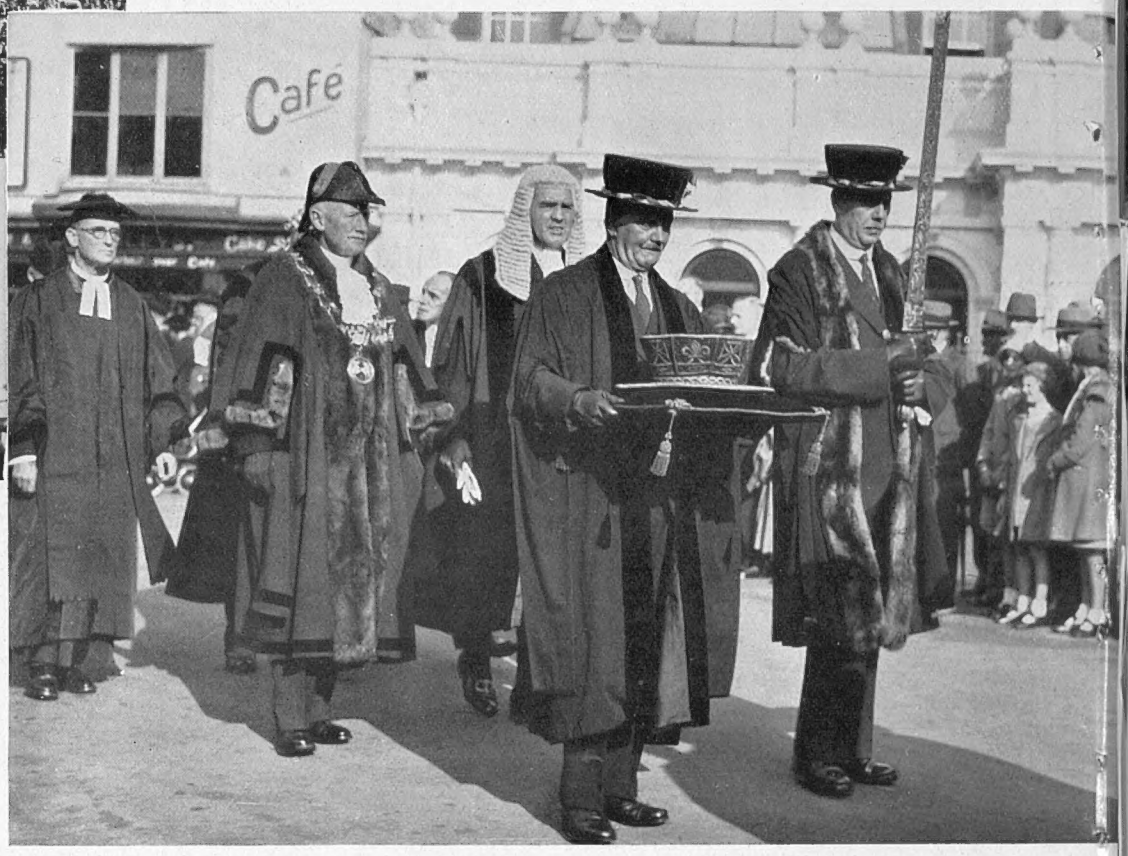
More than three years have passed since Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler met in Venice and, in the interval, much that has been alarming and much that has been dramatic have taken place. Italy has gained new lands upon the continent of Africa, Germany has thrown off the shackles of Versailles, and now these two Dictators have once again come face to face, ready to thrash out their common problems that are so indelibly linked with the world's peace. Last Saturday the Duce, after travelling across Europe in a bullet-proof train, arrived in Munich, there to be greeted by the Führer and acclaimed as he drove through mile upon mile of gaily decorated streets; there to be the witness of the might of Germany's re-generated army as it goose-stepped superbly past the saluting base in "Royal Square." Then the scene shifted from Munich, the cradle of Nazism, to Berlin, capital of the Reich, with more festivities, more inspections and, to crown it all, a State banquet at which the Chancellor proposed the health of his guest and, in so doing, outlined the aims and aspirations of the Berlin-Rome axis. "We are convinced that through our efforts" he said, "we are doing the best service not only to the interests of our two countries but also to the goal of a general international understanding which we warmly desire. In this spirit Germany and Italy, side by side, will examine and deal with political problems"

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.



A CITY CELEBRATES: Sheriffs of all the counties corporate in England and Wales—the largest gathering of sheriffs that has taken place since the eleventh or twelfth century—going in procession from the Cathedral during their meeting in Exeter last week-end to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the granting of the city's charter by Henry VIII. One of the big events was the dinner held in the Guildhall and afterwards addressed by Mr. Norman Lock, Exeter's Sheriff, who, in the course of his remarks, described how in the eleventh century the sheriff "was a sort of legal Pooh Bah of the shire. He was Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief Justice, Commander-in-Chief, First Commissioner of Police, and Coroner. From reign to reign he has gradually been stripped of these offices, however, and is now clad in little more than his own dignity"

A LONDON NEWS



EXETER RECALLS HER PAST: The Mayor (Mr. A. Anstey) and the Recorder (Mr. G. D. Roberts) walking in procession to the Cathedral to attend the service of thanksgiving for the 400th anniversary of the granting of the city's charter. Borne in front of them was the civic sword and also the Cap of Maintenance given to Exeter by Henry VII during a visit in 1497, a condition being made that thenceforward it should be carried before the Mayor

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, September 29, 1937.

MR. HULL'S WARNING.—

Mr. Cordell Hull, if he spoke for the Government of the U.S. and not off his own bat, issued a warning to Americans which should be cheerful reading to the sane elements of the Old World. Assuming that he did indeed speak for his Government, we get an indication that the deep-seated ideal of isolation from European and world politics is rooted in the heart of the citizen and not of the statesman, and that America's post-war policy of non-intervention and non-co-operation was dictated, not by American statesmen, but by the back-yard myopia of the voter. If the U.S. Government is now alive to the danger of isolation and means to uproot from her citizens this obstinate and dangerous prejudice, it is good news and high time also. "If the rule of law gave way to international anarchy, the security of the United States would be seriously jeopardised." The premise is already a *fait accompli* and the conclusion is already proved. If more proof is required that international anarchy now prevails, America must be blind and deaf indeed. It is one thing to be drawn into war; it is, we believe and seek to demonstrate, another thing to make our contribution (at hideous cost to our taxpayers and to the detriment of our own domestic affairs) towards averting world-war. Our taxpayers also have hankered after "isolation" and long for a little money and time for the improvement of their own backyards. But they have put the dream aside and shouldered the burden of European police work. For they have recognised the folly of sitting on the branch which madmen are sawing through and lifting no hand to stay the saw. For when the bough breaks the babies will fall and there will be no dolls' houses to make pretty on Main Street or High Street. Mr. Cordell Hull's eight points of policy for America in world affairs are as sound as they are obvious. So is the principle on which he bases them—namely, that only peoples living in want and misery and under the grievance of injustice hold life cheap and stand ready to gamble on the use of force. To this rule Japan appears to afford an awful exception and Japan's barbarities have already spurred America to unwonted energy in protests. If America had more fully embraced Mr. Hull's point four—"the use of peaceful methods to adjust differences"—since the war the story of Europe had been happier and the reputation of the League had stood higher to-day. America is a large country; the sound of the grinding in the Old World hardly penetrates to many backyards in many hundreds of her Main Streets, and Mr. Hull and his helpers have still a long row to hoe with the aid of propaganda. The American Government's post-war record in contributing outside the League to the post-war settlement of Europe's economic problems must never be minimised. Some of her statesmen have made important and clear-sighted interventions and proposals of which history will take note. But the vast body of her backwoods citizens have hitherto prevented the United States from playing the great role in civilisation since the war which is hers in right of her pre-eminent importance and greatness among the nations of the world.

IN THE LEAGUE'S NAME.—

"O League of Nations, what crimes were committed in your name"—that may be the verdict of historians when they come to examine coolly the troubled history of our day. The League idea was no new one. More than once after European wars it was tried out, and dropped because it would not work. The sincerest statesmen of our own day believed, and still believe, that despite its record of failure in its major aims, the idea must not be abandoned again—since the hopes of our civilisation being preserved depend on its ultimate effectiveness—and that the only way to preserve the idea is to preserve the structure and organisation built up. The League's function was broadly divided into two main objects. Put in the simplest terms, to attempt to settle by peaceful arbitrament the political disputes of nations, and to improve by co-ordinated planning international social conditions. And under the second head of its function the League's record has not been one of failure. Because the League idea seemed and seems the sole ultimate hope of civilisation no blame can be attached to the statesmen chiefly responsible that both functions of the League have been retained in "working order." But it is difficult not to regret that after the first glaring failure of the League to employ its machinery to achieve its major function that part of the machinery was not laid up in oil until the going improved and its wheels might be expected to turn. By preserving the structure and organisation the invitation to aggrieved nations to employ the League's major machinery remained. Time after time that invitation has been accepted and time after time the suppliant has gone empty away. And now round the League, its covenant and its ideals, has grown up a sham which is the shame of our civilisation. In all major issues, because of its infirmity, the League's poor efforts are directed, not to an examination of the grievance put before it, but to the finding of a formula of words which may enable it to shift or defer the responsibility for any such examination. Every such application or appeal it must receive with foreboding and seek by all means to wriggle out of. Small wonder if there has grown up round the League a cynicism which renders it ridiculous, and a standard of international morality which threatens it with shame.

A CYNICAL ENVIRONMENT.

—A community of politicians and journalists lives permanently round its headquarters and an examination of some of its considered opinions and dicta reveals the depths to which those standards have fallen. Thus, it is authoritatively propounded that the Nyon Conference was "rushed through" in order to prevent the Abyssinian question from being broached at Geneva—that if Italy had "come in" at Nyon, the League might have bartered for this concession the right of Abyssinia to membership and so "recognised" the Italian conquest. The morality and sense of honour revealed in this, and many other variations on this argument, are glaringly low. One could multiply instances of the cynicism and opportunism and quibbling which to-day invest the Headquarters of the League and grossly clothe the hope and ideal of civilisation. It has become a market for the money changers, a place where men are ready to *sell* the doves of peace. It is a centre far more notorious for commercial acumen than for moral ideals. Had its major machinery been laid up for a time it is difficult not to believe that its fame would stand higher to-day and its chances of ultimate usefulness be greater. And the settlement of Europe on a basis of peace and understanding might well be nearer; certainly could not be further away than it is to-day. The excusable blindness of statesmen has made of the League not a healer but a thorn in the flesh of civilisation, a breeder of jealousy, suspicion, shams, and cynicism. That is a conclusion hard to resist and it is a bitter thought for all who believe in the ideal. The men most resolute in its preservation have killed the thing they love. That I think was in the mind of Mr. Bruce when he proposed that the League machinery might yet usefully be employed to examine the root economic causes of European anarchy to-day, while its major machinery as an ultimate substitute for the arbitrament of force be laid up until better times and fuller co-operation. If the League could now concentrate its attention on the economic problems and grievances of civilisation and be freed from functions which it is not strong enough to discharge, good might come from the League in our day and those who stand out might more willingly come in to co-operate in a vital function which part of its machinery is ideally fitted to discharge.

AUTHORS' FORTUNES.—

The published details of Sir James Barrie's will revived recently public interest in the fortunes left by authors. Barrie's is acclaimed one of the largest ever left by a writer. And no doubt it was so but its probate value bears little or no relation to its actual

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

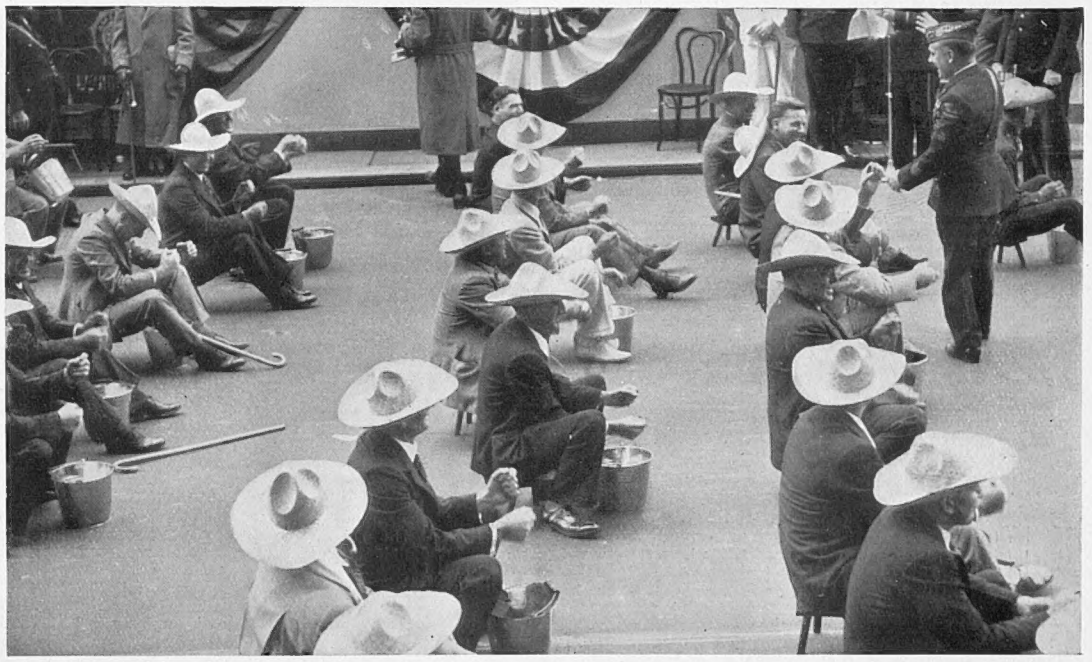
This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

PAGEANT

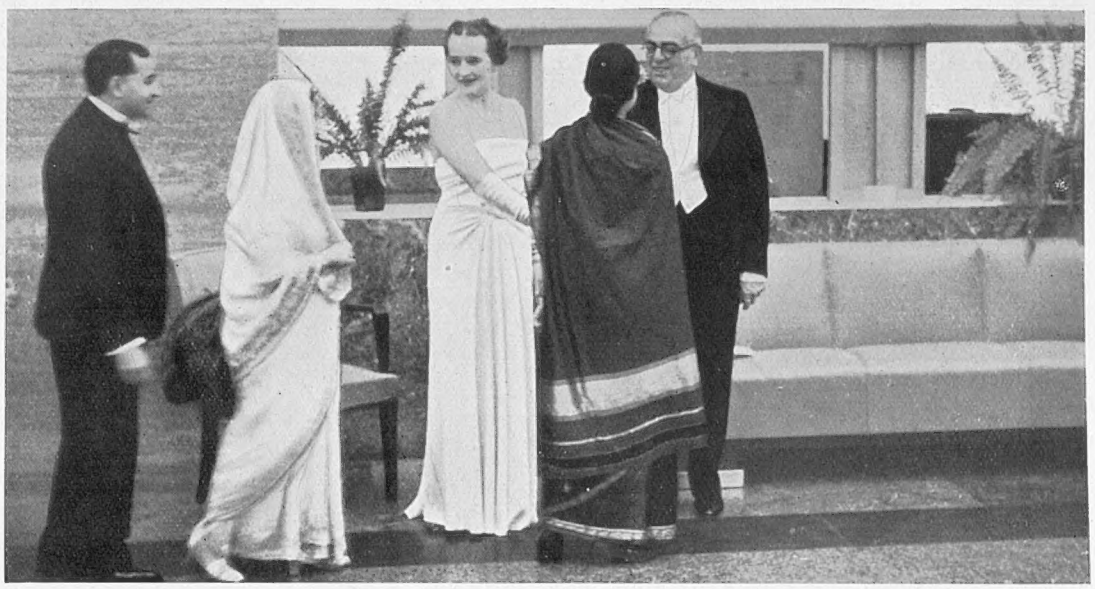
solini taking the salute at the big parade held in Munich on discuss questions of mutual interest. For an hour the two organisation displaying their superb efficiency, a sight that by The Fuehrer wore his usual brown tunic while the Duce was Fascist militia. On his left arm was a triangular eagle device

INFANTRY ON THE MARCH during Yugoslavia's big autumn manœuvres which began last week in the Koupa Basin, north-western Yugoslavia, under the direction of General Maritch, Minister of War and Marine. Bad weather made conditions far from pleasant, but foreign observers were considerably impressed by the men's efficiency. The active army's peace strength consists of approximately 8,140 officers and 99,594 men and service is compulsory for all who are between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five

THEIR MASCOT: Little Jean Hoverson, of Fargo, marched at the head of the North Dakota contingent in the great parade of 200,000 members of the American Legion which was held on Fifth Avenue a few days ago. Innumerable bands accompanied the marchers

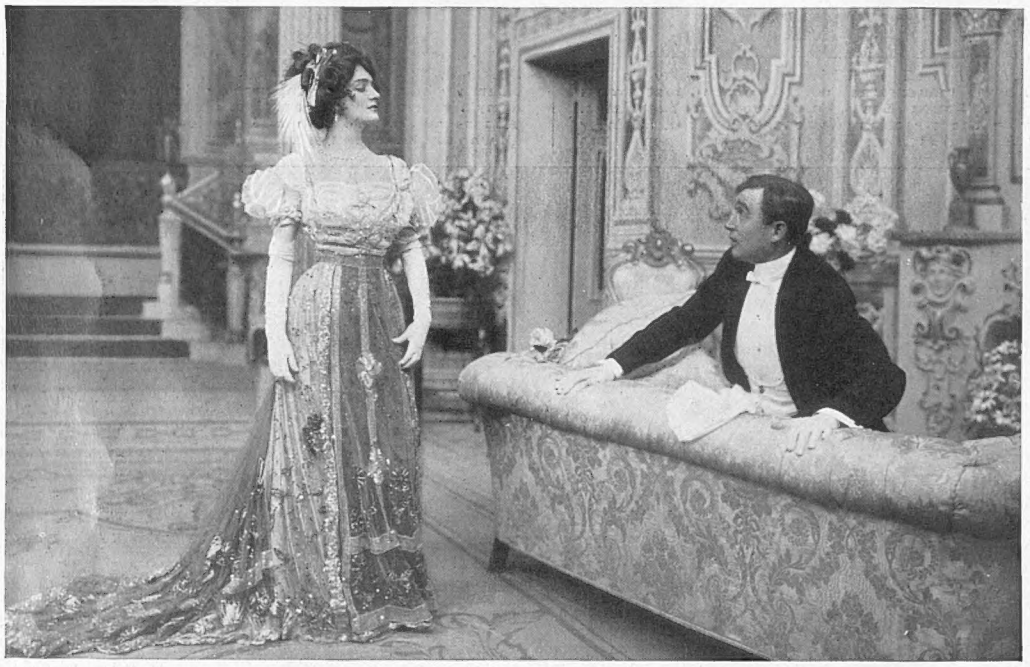


FROM THE WILD WEST: Milk pails, stools, and wide-brimmed straw hats were a feature of the equipment of the Wisconsin contingent attending the American Legion parade in New York — a mighty gathering reminiscent of that held twenty years ago when the United States Army embarked for France. This time the war veterans enjoyed themselves immensely and their varied get-up drew much applause

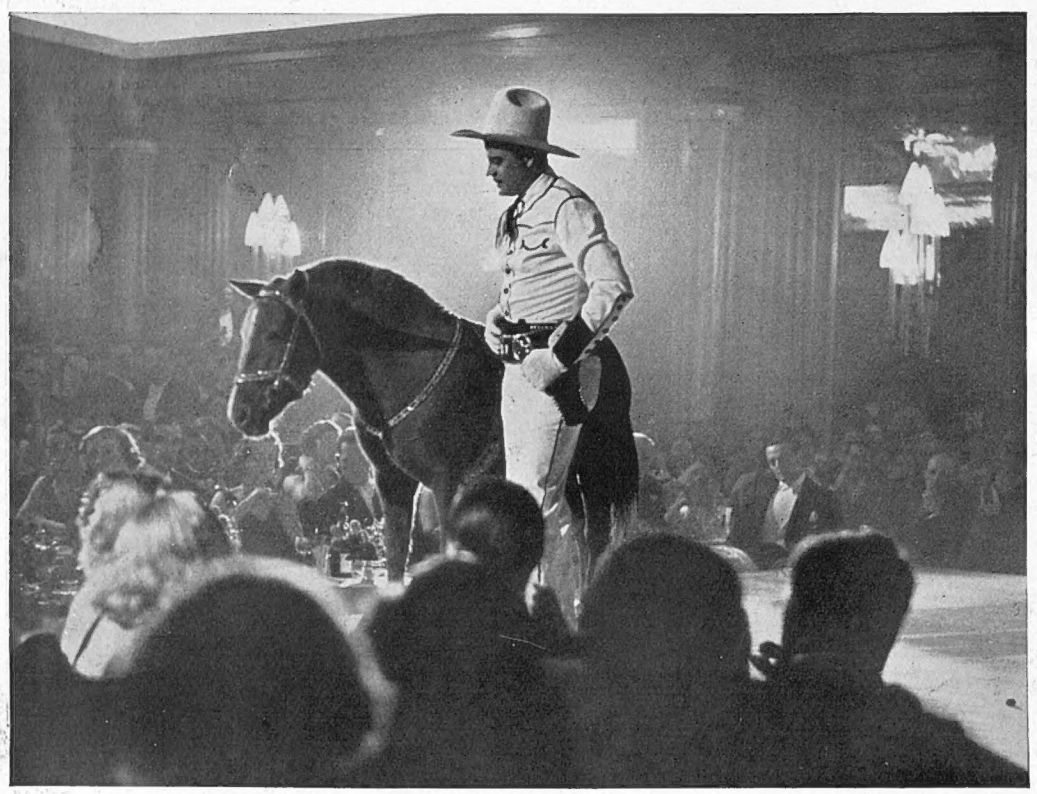


"AT HOME" IN GENEVA: The Aga Khan, newly elected President of the League of Nations Assembly, and his wife receiving guests at the reception held in the new Assembly Hall last Saturday night, a function attended by some 3,000 people representat ve of every phase of the League's work. It was undoubtedly the most brilliant festivity of its kind ever staged in the Parliament of the Nations and must have cost at least £3,000. There was no speech making but dancing to a jazz band continued until nearly 2 a.m.

LAST CURTAIN AT DALY'S: On September 25 this renowned Leicester Square Theatre, soon to be re-built into a cinema house, presented its final stage performance and now yet another link has gone with the London of musical comedy's heyday. Mr. Cecil Paget, the manager, who is seen (*left*) with Dame Marie Tempest, made a valedictory speech and, in a voice rendered barely audible by emotion, recalled the great productions of the past and the part that Dame Marie had herself played in Daly's success. *Right*—Theatre-goers in the foyer on the last night when a capacity audience came to see the end



DO YOU REMEMBER? Lily Elsie in the title role and Joseph Coyne as Prince Danilo in *The Merry Widow* on its first production at Daly's in 1907 when it was the talk of the town, though the great George Edwardes, who put it on, had little belief in its drawing power, considering it merely a stop-gap, and Lily Elsie, too, little expected she would become the adored of all London. Other big successes followed, and for the gilded youth of the period a couple of stalls at Daly's became something of a ritual



TEXAS TOMMY AND HIS PONY are star turns in *Beauty Circus*, Grosvenor House's latest supper show

The Navy's Chinese Puzzle

Occasioned by the State of Affairs in the East

THE state of affairs in the Far East has presented the Royal Navy with a veritable Chinese puzzle, made up of a whole series of knotty problems. In the last three years the Navy has had to deal with so many difficult situations that the ability to determine the right course of action in almost any eventuality is developing apace. There was the Italo-Ethiopian conflict, in which the Royal Navy became the instrument of League of Nations policy. There has been the Spanish civil war, with its problems of evacuation, of protection for British shipping, of non-intervention and piracy.

The wars of the last three years with which the Royal Navy has had to contend have all had one thing in common. In none of them was there any declaration of war or granting of belligerent rights.

This alone has, in each case, produced problems of international law which have greatly increased the difficulties of the British naval forces on the spot. The difficulties are greater in the Far East to-day than in either of the two former crises. Japan has declared a close blockade of the whole Chinese coast, and she is enforcing the blockade in no uncertain manner. Since there has been no formal declaration of war between Japan and China, Japan cannot claim the rights of a belligerent. In other words, Japan's blockade is, in the strict interpretation of international law, illegal.

True, the Japanese blockading forces have so far shown themselves scrupulous in observing the rights of British shipping, but the possibility of "incidents" is not to be denied. Witness the fact that, a few days ago, a British naval tug was molested by a Japanese destroyer, close to Hong Kong.

The Japanese blockade has another aspect which is causing some hard thinking, not only in the Navy but in higher places. In order to facilitate the coast blockade of the delta which forms a focal point of trade passing to and from Canton and the great river system of South China, Japanese forces have occupied certain islands for use as advance bases. Chief among these are Linting Island and the island known as the Pratos Shoals. The latter has a large lagoon which makes an excellent advance operational base for flying boats and small craft.

The islands occupied by the Japanese forces are of great strategical importance with regard to the trade routes running to and from Hong Kong, and there is no guarantee that the end of the present conflict will see their return to their former state of comparative unimportance.

The Chinese Navy, consisting as it does of three modern small light cruisers, half-a-dozen ancient "protected cruisers," and about fifty small vessels ranging from river gun-boats to tiny torpedo boats of pre-war vintage, can obviously do nothing against the Japanese blockade. It can, however, produce surprises in the small rivers of China, and for that reason it increases the problems of the British Navy.

There may be those who would advocate a withdrawal of British warships from the war area—who regard the refusal of the British Admiral to remove his ships up stream before the bombardment of Nanking as foolhardy. The plain truth is that the units of the British Fleet would be failing in their duty if they moved away from the close proximity of British interests.

Assurances that foreign lives and property will be respected in an air raid are all very well. The presence of warships acting as guarantee of British lives and property is a constant and salutary reminder that such assurances had better be respected.

There is another point. If British warships were to move in response to a Japanese request, and so facilitate bombing of a more indiscriminate nature, Britain would undoubtedly be assisting Japan in what is, in the eyes of international law, an illegal act.

Moreover, she would be tacitly admitting the right of a Power to resort to indiscriminate bombing, and protests would then be hard to uphold.

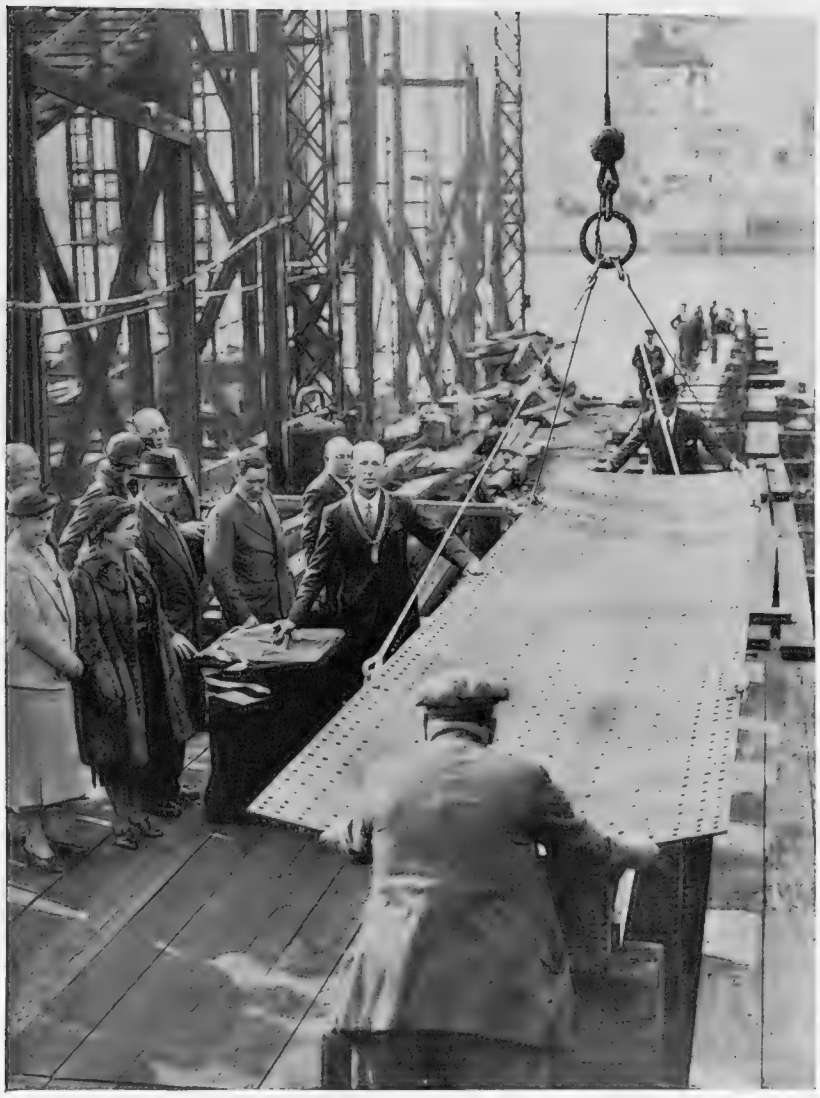
That no harm came to the cruiser *Capetown* or the gun-boats *Gnat* and *Bee* during the raids on Nanking is a tribute to the aim of the Japanese bombers. The same must apply to the aim of the Japanese airmen who raided Hankow, where four British gun-boats were lying.

Even more remarkable has been the immunity of the British naval forces at Shanghai where lies the cruiser H.M.S. *Danae*, flying the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Little, the British Naval Commander-in-Chief in the Far East, and the escort vessels *Falmouth* and *Folkestone*. These ships have remained at their posts throughout the troubles, with bombardment, air-raids and fighting both on land and sea, raging all round them. Yet, except for a few stray falling splinters from an anti-aircraft shell, they have not been hit.

Kenneth Edwards

SHIPS *and the* SEA

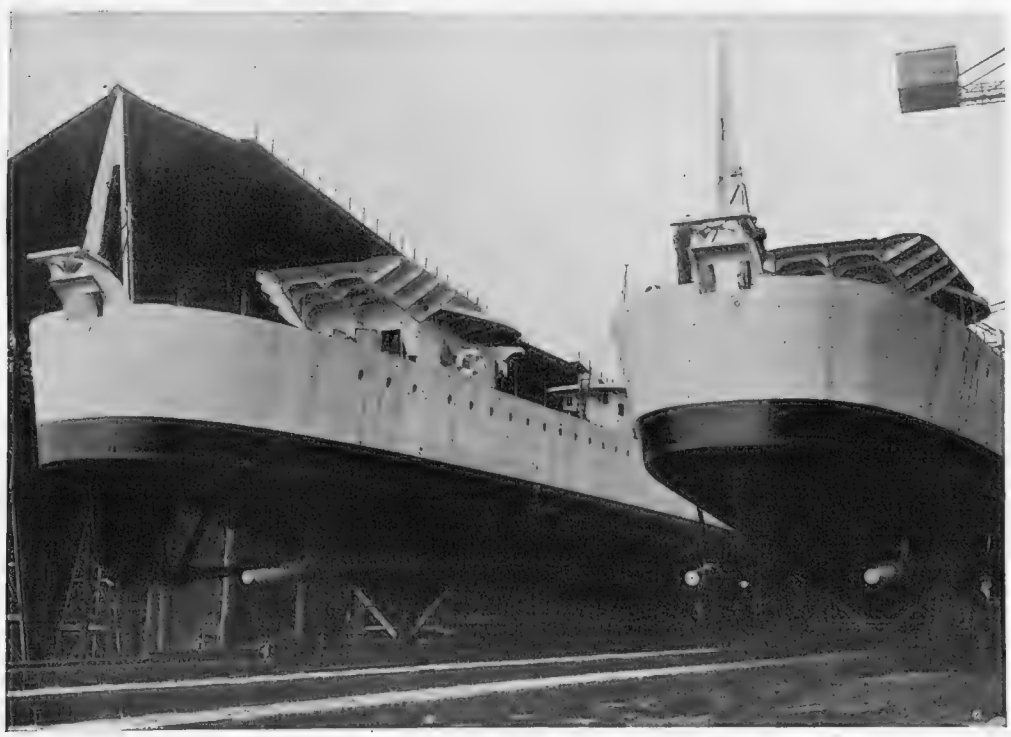
A Cowes Firm Starts Work on its Hundredth Warship: A Merchant Vessel Towed from "Down Under"



PROUD RECORD: When this keel of the new destroyer, *Jersey*, was laid at Cowes last week in the yards of J. Samuel White, the Company announced that on completion she would be the hundredth warship built by them in the last half century. The ceremony was performed by Mr. P. L. Pullinger, Chairman of Cowes U. D. C.

THE FLOATING AMBULANCE: This new motor boat, belonging to Haslar Royal Naval Hospital is be ng used for routine hospital duties in Portsmouth dockyard. A spacious cabin provides ample accommodation for a number of stretcher cases

On Right—
A CLEVER PIECE OF SEAMANSHIP: The S.S. *Kingswood*, somewhat seriously damaged by the explos on of her donkey boiler, arriving in the Tyne after being towed for the entire 15,000-mile journey from Australia, one of the largest towage jobs ever undertaken. She is seen here in charge of the *Plover* and the *Joffre*, but the real heroine was the *Ganges* (left of picture) which in conjunction with another ocean going Dutch tug did the greater part of the open sea work



TRIPLE LAUNCHING AT BARROW: The destroyers *Entre Rios* and *Buenos Aires* standing side by side on the stocks before taking the water at Vickers-Armstrong's naval construct on yard. A sister ship, *Corrientes*, was also launched and named, the three ceremonies all being performed in the space of twenty minutes. The vessels, embodying the latest features for this type of craft, are being built to the order of the Argentine Government which has also placed contracts for another four of the same class, two with John Brown on the Clyde and the others with Cammell Laird on the Mersey

A "SQUARE RIG'S" LAST VOYAGE: The veteran Swedish three-master *Af Chapman*, which of recent years has been used for sea training cruises, being taken in tow to Stockholm where she is to be employed as a supply ship in the naval yard. She was built at Whitehaven in 1888, has an iron hull, and is of nearly 1,500 tons gross

KEEPING THE LEAGUE ALIVE

Some Ask, "Can it be Done?" Others Ask, "Should it be Done?" but if it is to be Done "She Must be Left Utterly Quiet with Sick-Room Temperature Strictly Watched"

Says FERDINAND TUOHY

THE OPENING OF THE GATES OF LIBERTY TO THE SLAVES is the theme of this mural by José Maria Sert adorning the League Council's new meeting-hall in Geneva

HERE was the Council of the League in session in its sumptuous new black and gold décor whose taste, utility, and comfort only just fought off "ultra" tendencies of the flamboyant temple description.

For half-an-hour and more its members rose in succession to laud a deceased Chilian diplomat. The unreality pressed heavily. War in the West, war in the East, further outbreak of the new undeclared variety, threatening; the League ignored, flouted, scoffed at; politically paralysed. How did these statesmen really feel—what might be their inner thoughts—as they sat on the highest known tribunal, authorised to act as men had never been before, and directly facing a packed and universal, searching, journalistic company, ten, twenty times their own number?

Mr. Wellington Koo was getting through with *his* panegyric. But in that uncanny atmosphere, of which members of the Council were certainly as cognisant as ourselves, fancy refused to be tethered and rather what came over was this:—

"You are a lot of humbugs and you'll pay for it one day, individually and collectively. My country signed and undertook everything and played the game. All we wanted was to be left alone and in peace. But we were appallingly assailed from the oldest of motives and you sit here twiddling your thumbs and let it happen in shrieking violation of everything you solemnly covenanted to stand by and protect. Your excuse? 'Concerned lest the conflict should spread'? Never fear, *it will*! And in worse circumstances for most of you present."

"But the difficulties, Mr. Koo . . ."

No time for explainings. M. Delbos is being called upon. The vacant fauteuil to his right, Count Ciano's, is no less symbolical than the ceiling, but the Frenchman has preferred only to study the second while preparing his funeral tribute. Or was he perchance musing?

"To think of the squandered inheritance that is mine and France's! The Genevan oracle of post-war, to-day hard put to it to rally rare, real friends! The reason? I know it too well. Three of my predecessors, mainly. Poincaré, who wrecked the golden opportunity of the twenties. Tardieu, who carried the job on into the thirties. Laval, who beat them both. With the result that now France looks like having to choose between fighting the Fascist dictators (perhaps alone with England, if lucky with the Czechs and partial Russia) and herself going Fascist, which would mean bloody domestic revolution, beside which Spain would appear a picnic, and, in addition, the strong probability of our later being swallowed by the dictators."

LEAGUE DEVOTEE: President de Valera whose interest in the Geneva ideal is so apparent to those who see his earnestness at the assembly

Señor Negrin is hard to catch. Can he conceivably be thus getting into his stride: "As President of this Council I am about as useful a unit as a grasshopper in a match-box. I cannot even come by the wherewithal to defend the Spain you all affect to recognise." (For continuation, see China, above).

Colonel Beck. A sick man, but a wily one; still waters. What may the good Colonel be turning over as he coughs and plays with his pencil?

"A little of my own back, now, I think. Especially with France. I know it won't be easy. There's still a kick in Polish democracy and the Marshal can't forget he once painted in the Latin Quarter. But events are working my way. A little more pressure on Paris and London is indicated. In order that the first may not stop financing us, and the second, be more disposed to discuss migration. Palestine is an excellent leverage. With 3,000,000 Polish Jews, I shall have a *lot* to say."

Next, M. Antonesco. He studies us. Surely he is ruminating: "I don't know what these fellows out in front are thinking, but I know what they ought to be thinking. That the small nations are going to keep clear, whatever their commitments, and let the big ones fight it out together. There never was such an all-pervading neutrality abroad in Europe, however this runs completely counter to League engagements."

"It seems that 1937 will be remembered as the year when all oratory dried up on the floor of the most garrulous assembly in history, all present agreeing that the patient was so ill that any undue or unnecessary noise would almost inevitably bring about dissolution"

Maxim Litvinoff has been cogitating, glasses on forehead. He sketches. He is not going to speak. He has ample time for cogitating:

"I cordially dislike the democracies. But they're better than the Fascists, and keeping them on top is Russia's long-view game. (Easier to munch, eventually.) But what patience, what restraint have to be shown, what slighting or insult direct smoothly passed over! And all this stuff and nonsense about unknown submarines, unknown this and that. The Boulevard des Italiens ought to be renamed the Boulevard des Inconnus! The democracies have retreated from every capital save Moscow. If they don't soon commence to drop their 'you're too-tainted-to-touch' attitude towards us, they may wake up one morning to find Hitler trying to play ball with Stalin."

THE ROME BERLIN AXIS, cutting right across Europe, grows weaker while the democracies arm is the thought in the minds of those who would keep the League alive, points out Ferdinand Tuohy

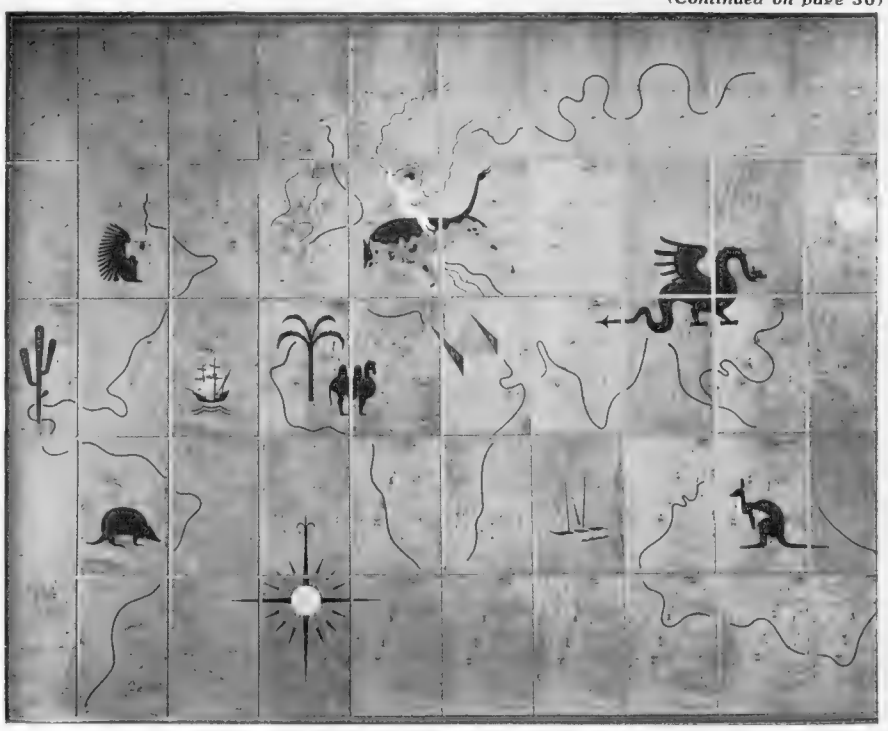
"A familiar method of gaining a man's co-operation is to blackguard him first, and anyway, as Radek insisted from the start, the Nazis never did have any serious intention of invading Russia. Smoke-screen stuff. I wonder if the English, in particular, realise the full extent of the danger they are in, through Mussolinian subtlety, chiefly? Rome-Berlin-Tokyo striking at their Empire?"

Mr. Eden glances at Litvinoff, on his left. Can the Foreign Secretary be reflecting "Propinquity to Maxim has a peculiar effect. Well, it wasn't my fault, even if I was a bit too young, to start with. I got the Simon back-blow and charming 'Hoare-Laval.' But let's keep bright about it. The thing now, if it's not too late, is to be assured of as many countries as possible to stand up in Genevan coalition to the Axis, should this strike anew in Europe in the shape of another undeclared war, and the best way to begin the work is to restore Franco-British prestige by *acts*.

"We've got to get used to the undeclared war whose advent has rendered obsolete most of the international war code. Nyon may be slipping into an undeclared business because the odds are they'll come through from the Berlin-Rome reunion with a thundering '*If a solitary one of our war vessels is touched . . .!*' Well, it had to come. If we don't make a stand now, we're dished—more of 'em still would mount the fence or cross to the other camp. As things are, it will be the very devil making up the leeway lost since 1935, even if it was necessary to gain time.

"The main thing is that this League has got to be kept from conking. We must get in all the hot water bottles, physic, and oxygen we can. If we go three, perhaps only two years, as is, we may be through the wood. France and ourselves have time with us. Economically *the Axis* grows weaker while we arm." (sighs)

(*Continued on page 30*)



SYMBOLISING THE CONTINENTS: A modish inlaid wood panel made by a Danish craftsman to adorn a wall in the new League building. The Red Indian, the dragon, the camel, and the kangaroo are easily identified, but who is the lady on the bull? many ask

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

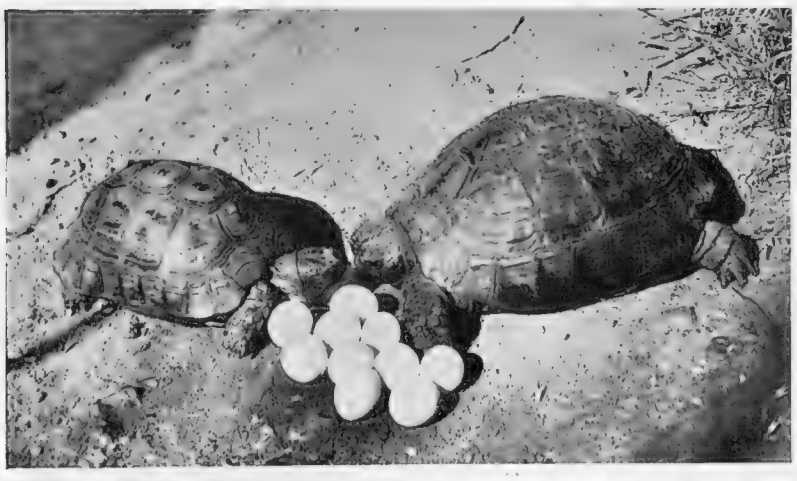
This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST WORM: It is 8 ft. long and hails from the remote district of South Gippsland, Victoria, Australia. Specimens are few and far between, for they come near the surface only when the soil is thoroughly damp, a rare enough occurrence in the overheated antipodes. At the moment very little indeed is known about the species, but it is called megascoloides Australis

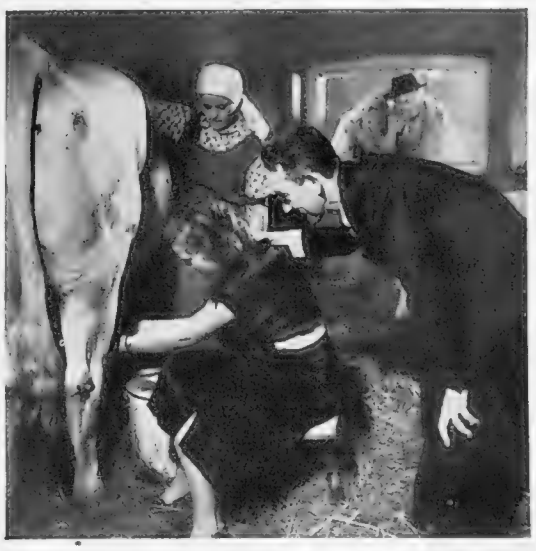
KOALA AND CHILD: This Australian bear and its offspring are great favourites at Melbourne Zoo. They are fascinating creatures almost like the familiar stuffed nursery "Teddies," and it is a shame to think there is a danger of the species becoming extinct. They are soon to appear on a new series of postage stamps



HAPPY EVENT: Father tortoise (right) congratulates mother tortoise on her eight beautiful eggs. She is only a youngster but he is a decided veteran, his history being traceable back to the gay 'nineties, and even then he was generally regarded as getting on in years. A picture from Douglas Went, of Brightlingsea

SHE HAD AN IDEA: This farm not far from Tegernsee, in the heart of the Bavarian Alps, has suddenly blossomed out in most exuberant fashion. Its owner married an American girl a short while ago, and now, under her influence, they have converted their home into a farm-cabaret, offering first-class facilities for dancing and anything from a high-kicking highball to a sedate glass of milk

TRANSATLANTIC RHYTHM IN THE BYRE: The beasts look stolidly on as in the adjoining living quarters the visitors to Tegernsee's farm-cabaret enjoy themselves on the newly installed dance floor, swinging to the tunes of a good dance band. Hundreds of tourists in Bavaria sooner or later gravitate to this bright spot



IF YOU DO NOT MIND RISKING YOUR NEW EVENING DRESS you can go into the byre and get your own glass of milk at the Tegernsee farm-cabaret, provided, of course, it's round about milking time.

THE Tegernsee farm-cabaret appears a bit of a mixture and, truth to tell, it is. It seems that the owner of the place was pleased enough with his prosperous dairy business, but his American bride thought differently. So they agreed to compromise. Now he keeps the farm going and she runs the restaurant-cum-dance hall with its band and its two bars, one for milk and one for highballs. Americans flock there by the score, and, needless to say, derive plenty of fun from their unusual surroundings as the sheep and cows look placidly on from the adjoining byre.

TEGERNSEE'S *Farm-Cabaret*

CLUB-BEARERS *to the* GREAT

What of the Caddies? The Fellows who Do so Much to Make the Game of Golf Enjoyable, but so Often Get a Very Poor Return for All Their Labour

By CHARLES GRAVES

EAGLE-EYED, the caddie follows the ball in its swift flight, thus often saving the golfer a weary search if by chance it should land in the rough. As the five studies on this page show, he is always concentrating on the game and, if he be good at his job, can help the player along in a host of ways

AUTUMN is here, and with it the knowledge that once again golf caddies will find themselves getting wet through, with seldom anywhere to change between rounds, and seldom any opportunity of getting a hot drink. By contrast, many of the clubs they carry are encased in little woolly or leather vests to prevent their rubbing against one another. It is extraordinary really that caddies as a class do not breed Communists. Every year golf becomes more and more luxurious, new gadgets come on the market, golf bags become heavier, mackintoshes, trousers, and jackets for the players become more and more intricate. It is true that I have never yet found a pair of golf shoes that remained waterproof for more than a couple of months; but setting that aside, golf grows more comfortable and its paraphernalia more complicated, and club houses more de luxe, with hot shower baths, drying rooms, and other hotel comforts still more in evidence.

It would be hard to find a greater and more intimate contrast between the golfer with his expensive outfit walking just in front or just behind the average caddie with his worn overcoat, if he has an overcoat at all. It is perfectly true that a few caddies are as well dressed as the men for whom they carry, but they are the exceptions to the rule. And when you consider how many distinguished men behave like children on a golf course one wonders why caddies have any respect for them, and why, indeed, they do not carry their disrespect to a point outside the golf course or golf links. The best and the worst of golf is that it is a game so much of moods. The nicest chap can be poisonous when he is losing. The most brilliant public figures often become, as I say, quite puerile.

If one estimates that there are 2,000 golf courses in the country with an average of three caddies per golf course we reach a figure of 6,000 men drawn from every class in the country and with every experience behind them. If anyone wanted to emulate the success of the Bridge of San Luis Rey nothing could be simpler. All they need do is to go to Addington, Sunningdale, or Walton Heath, for example, and persuade a number of caddies to confess their life stories. I assure you that the result would be remarkable. I personally know caddies who have been golf professionals, bank clerks, masters of arts, professional backers, ships stewards, and commercial travellers. There was, indeed, one stray who came up to Addington not long ago to get a job as a caddie and who was recognised by one of the regulars as having tipped him half-a-crown lunch money at Woodcote Park (the Royal Automobile Club's country club) only a year or two before. The poor fellow did not get a job that day, and never returned.

Admitting that I tip my own special caddie particularly well, it nevertheless surprises me to learn that the local authorities at East Croydon assess the earnings of the caddies at Addington at an average of only £1 11s. 6d. a week. I should have thought that they would earn at least £1 of this at the week-end alone, and Addington being so fashionable a course, there are a number of club matches and golfing society tournaments during the week to give the caddies several extra rounds. I suppose, however, that there are frequently long lean periods which bring down the average (particularly August). In addition to this, most caddies sooner or later get a cold or 'flu as a result of their lack of proper clothing and proper accommodation between rounds.

On the other hand, the best of them have spells of good luck, such as that of Titch Baker, whom General Critchley took to Le Touquet and on to Germany this summer as his personal caddie. Frequently, too, golfers give presents in the form of clothes and boots to their favourite caddies. All the same, I am assured that even at Addington, where tipping is much heavier than on most courses, very few caddies earn an average of £3 a week.

Like many other golfers, I have found that the first-class caddie is worth three or four strokes to me. Indeed, I have always felt such an interest in them that Henry Longhurst and I actually compiled a book on the subject. In the introduction by Bernard Darwin the latter wrote: "That the caddie has an acute eye for human weaknesses no one can doubt, and this is especially true of the caddies in Scotland. Further, they can express themselves with a trenchancy that is positively searing. It is, however, I think, a mistake to regard them as deliberate humorists. On the contrary, they speak as a rule in the deadliest earnest, and it is the fantastic and incomprehensible mind of their employer who finds in their words some mysterious humour. The late Andrew Kirkaldy was in many ways typical of the elder race of Scottish caddies. His remarks have been endlessly quoted, and he is believed by those who did not know him to have been a wit. In fact Andrew made few intentional jokes and his most famous sayings were, as originally delivered, ferocious in the intensity of their seriousness."

He adds "there is a great reservoir of stories which will remain untapped unless some gifted caddie, safely retired from business, chooses to tell them himself."

This may be a digression, but in the course of collecting the material for this book I probed the mentality of a number of caddies and found them in nearly every case most interesting. One might even go so far as to say that they are the Foreign Legion of sport. Some of them have a lot to forget. Others have much to remember. In England, at any rate, few of them ever expected as children to become caddies. Nearly all have drifted into it.

It is surprising, therefore, how many of them feel a real pride in their vocation, and very properly regard their relation to the man for whom they are carrying as being exactly parallel to that of a jockey with a horse he is going to run. One of the best caddies I have ever had, indeed, has a habit of saying to me when a crux in a round has arrived, "Now then, Mr. Graves, out with the whip." He knows exactly how to handle me, and this particular stimulus seldom fails to have effect. Another caddie whom I have employed on many occasions once said to me, "Sir, you have no idea how many gentlemen I have scrambled through"—meaning, of course, the number of players whom he had enabled to win by his sagacity and tactics.

It is curious, really, how few golfers have ever left anything in their will to their favourite caddie. Hairdressers, taxicab drivers, and nurses in particular are frequent recipients of legacies. But seldom the caddie. This is partially due to the fact that in many clubs the caddies go in strict rotation to the various players as they come out on to the first tee. Personally I think it is a poor idea, and the professionals have completely set their faces against the suggestion which amounted to a mere lottery in major tournaments. Most of the leading players have their own special caddie. So, even, have some of the leading amateurs.

Bob Sweeny, the reigning amateur champion, would not have dreamed of having anyone but O'Neill when he played this year at Sandwich. Cotton always uses a caddie called Butler. When he won the Open Championship at Carnoustie this summer he gave Butler £100. He also employed three fore caddies, each of whom received a fiver. As they said afterwards, "A man who does that deserves to win."

Previously Cotton had a caddie named Stanley Wakefield. Stanley Wakefield is the "king" of the travelling caddies. These number about forty. They are all first class, and you will find them at all the major tournaments. They are employed by the different professionals, who pay them 12s. 6d. a day, and if they are "in the money" another £2 or £3.

Thus Alfred Padgham's caddie is Arthur Maidment of Fulwell. From the same course comes Jack Harmsworth, who carries for Ernest Whitcombe. Micky Stedman carries for J. J. Busson. When there are no tournaments you will find him at Addington. Squeak Harvey carries for Bill Twine. Sammy King's caddie comes from Hendon. His name is Cutler. Alan Dailey employs Macdonald of Leeds. Rex Hartley and J. Adams both use McCormick. Rooty Joe (I do not know him by any other name) carries for Reg Whitcombe. Charlie Whitcombe's caddie is always known as Len.

When Padgham won the Open he gave Maidment £60. Alf Perry gave £70 to Ginger Johnson, who is his regular caddie although he comes from Manchester and Perry's club is Leatherhead. Another travelling caddie is Joe Sharples, who carries for Fred Dennis. Nor must one forget the brothers Smith. Walter Smith has carried for me at Addington for the last two years, but Hagen has first call on him when he is over here.

In Walter Smith's place his brother Duke Smith carries for me, but during the Championship I released him to carry for Horton Smith. Duke's comment was brief. "For the last three or four years I carried for Bill Cox" he said, "but Horton Smith had a good chance of winning so I turned Bill in and joined the American stable."

It was Duke Smith who said to me only yesterday: "I have apprenticed my son to an electrical engineer. He only gets 12s. 6d. a week, and he could earn 10s. on Sundays if I let him come to Addington. It would be easy money. But I think it is demoralising for a boy. Out of every ten youngsters who start caddieing, perhaps two may get a job in the pro.'s shop and ultimately become professionals themselves. But the other eight are ruined by the easy money and the gambling which goes on on wet days."

Duke Smith himself is a rat-catcher for five days of the week. His brother was formerly a policeman and now breeds canaries, while their sister is married to a business man in the North with an income of over £4,000 a year. Both men joined Addington Golf Club as caddies just after the war in company with eighteen other ex-Service men. Both, being philosophers, enjoy life thoroughly, although they reckon that they have to spend at least £20 a year on boots and clothing. They, of course, are the best type of caddie, and in particular deserve the better conditions in the caddies' shelter, for which Sir Courtauld Thomson is campaigning so vigorously.

TROUBLESOME . .

The Destructive Vole

TIMID BUT MENACING: The field-vole, or short-tailed field-mouse, is not an easy subject for the camera, common though he is in many districts. He lives in fields and woods, feeds on vegetable food, and is so prolific that farmers fear him with good reason. Plagues of field-voles have occurred repeatedly in various parts of Britain, and in 1876 they destroyed much pasturage in Yorkshire, following this up in 1892 by appearing in enormous numbers in the south of Scotland. Mild winters and the destruction of the vole's natural enemies —owls, kestrels, stoats, weasels—largely account for these periodic wholesale invasions

On right—
HOME IS THE HUNTER: A starling looks round before taking a beak full of worms into the nesting hole it has stolen from a pair of greater spotted woodpeckers. This ubiquitous bird is far from house proud. If it does build a nest it is usually an artless conglomeration of twigs, roots, and dry grass, but it infinitely prefers to borrow or share someone else's home during the breeding season. Autumn is the starling's flocking time, and just now clouds of them can be seen executing their aerial evolutions night after night before roosting

. . . AND THIEVING

The Starling Steals a Home

TO THEM A PERSONAL LOSS: Peasant folk from the country kneeling in the street as the coffin bearing the remains of the late President Masaryk passed through the Czechoslovakian capital last week. Lining the route were at least 1,500,000 mourners some of whom had trekked for several days in order to arrive in the city in time to pay their last respects to the aged statesman and liberator who was so deeply loved and respected

CZECHOSLOVAKIA MOURNS MASARYK

An Eye-Witness Impression of the "President-Liberator's" Funeral: A Nation's Last Tribute to its Founder

By C. F. MELVILLE

T. G. MASARYK, "President-Liberator" of Czechoslovakia, was buried on September 21. Other heads of State may have been buried with greater pomp and circumstance; few could have received such an overwhelming manifestation of a nation's love and sorrow. For Masaryk was truly the father of his people; the principal creator of Czechoslovakia.

Here are some of the scenes I witnessed in Prague on the occasion of his funeral. People pouring into Prague from every province. They come by rail, by car, and on foot. Many hundreds of peasants walked from remote villages to Prague.

Great crowds—many thousands of people—form a queue at the Stadium, to walk to the Hrad, the old castle on the top of the hill, there to view the coffin. The queue is over three miles long. Some have waited all night. The conversation is purely of Masaryk. I hear one old peasant declare: "I remember seeing him on such and such an occasion"; and another answers: "I can recall when he visited my village." Simple memories—told lovingly by simple souls.

Some of these peasants have come long distances. They are impatient to see the coffin. One or two of them try to get to it out of their turn. Other peasants reprove them, saying: "Masaryk always played the game; he always told us to be correct in all things; surely he would not like it if any of us, in order to see his coffin, behave unfairly?" The impatient ones are abashed. They fall into their proper place in the queue and take their turn. Thus the influence—the moral force—of "T. G. M." lives on after his passing.

The funeral cortege was fittingly symbolical both of the Czechoslovakia of the war period, a State in the making, a people struggling for freedom, and of the Czechoslovakia of to-day, a nation determined to defend the freedom won in the war. For both phases equally express the life work of Masaryk. Czechoslovakia's fight for freedom was symbolised by the presence in the procession of thousands of Czech "legionaries," the survivors of those Czechs who, during the war, fought in the British, French, Italian, and Russian armies, and more particularly of the famous Czech Legion which fought its way across Russia at the time of the Russian collapse and revolution.

They wore their old-time uniforms, the French horizon blue, the Italian green, the Russian and British khaki. Some wore the uniforms of our Canadians and Australians. Fitting, indeed, that the legionaries should follow Masaryk to his last resting place, for he it was who organised them during the war. Present-day Czechoslovakia's will to defend her freedom, so hardly won, was symbolised by marching infantry, cavalry, and artillery, steel helmeted, splendidly equipped, very determined, and business-like; while the very modern note was struck by squadrons of military aeroplanes which encircled the city.

President Benes, who was elected at the late President's wish when Masaryk retired from the Presidency, was "T.G.M.'s" principal collaborator in the struggle for Czechoslovakia's independence. He, also, was pre-eminently one of the principal creators of the country. As I watched him walking behind the gun-carriage which carried the remains of his old comrade-in-arms, followed by that other great patriot and wise statesman, Dr. Milan Hodja, the Prime Minister, I saw the visible evidence of the continuity of Masaryk's policy, the human assurance that the independence of the country would be maintained, democracy preserved, minorities accorded liberal treatment, and the collaboration of neighbouring countries sought for peace.

As the only democracy left in Central Europe, and standing as she does at the cross-roads of three lines of European expansion, Czechoslovakia's task is by no means an easy one. Her leaders, however, carrying on the traditions handed down to them by Masaryk, face the future with calm and confidence. Czechoslovakia is active in promoting co-operation between herself and her Danubian neighbours both with her Allies of the Little Entente, Rumania and Yugoslavia, and with her one-time foes, Austria and Hungary.

BRITAIN'S REPRESENTATIVE: Lord Winterton (centre) was among the foreign notabilities at the funeral

In the same spirit her rulers are solving internal problems, and much is to be expected from the agreement recently made by Dr. Hodja, the Premier, with the leaders of the Activist parties amongst the German minority. That the quasi-Nazi party of Herr Konrad Henlein remains unreconciled is not the fault of Czechoslovakia's rulers. The reasons are to be sought farther afield, in Berlin and Munich. Most especially does Czechoslovakia look with friendly eyes upon England. Masaryk himself was a great lover of England, English life, and English literature. He always said that he looked forward one day to the pleasure of riding again on the top of a London bus (as he had done when he was with us, in the war days).

The life-story of Masaryk—and the saga of his great work for Czechoslovak independence—has been told many a time. It will be enough, therefore, for me to quote, in conclusion, a few illuminating passages from the funeral oration delivered by Dr. Benes. President Benes declared:—

"Eighty-seven years of a completely full life, more than seventy of which Masaryk devoted to a struggle for the comprehension of man.

"He extended our young philosophy and learning, till then living in a German environment, to the field of Western Europe and the whole world. He led our romantic Slavdom to real, practical paths, determined by facts. . . .

"He completed the ideological, intellectual, and cultural birth of our nation.

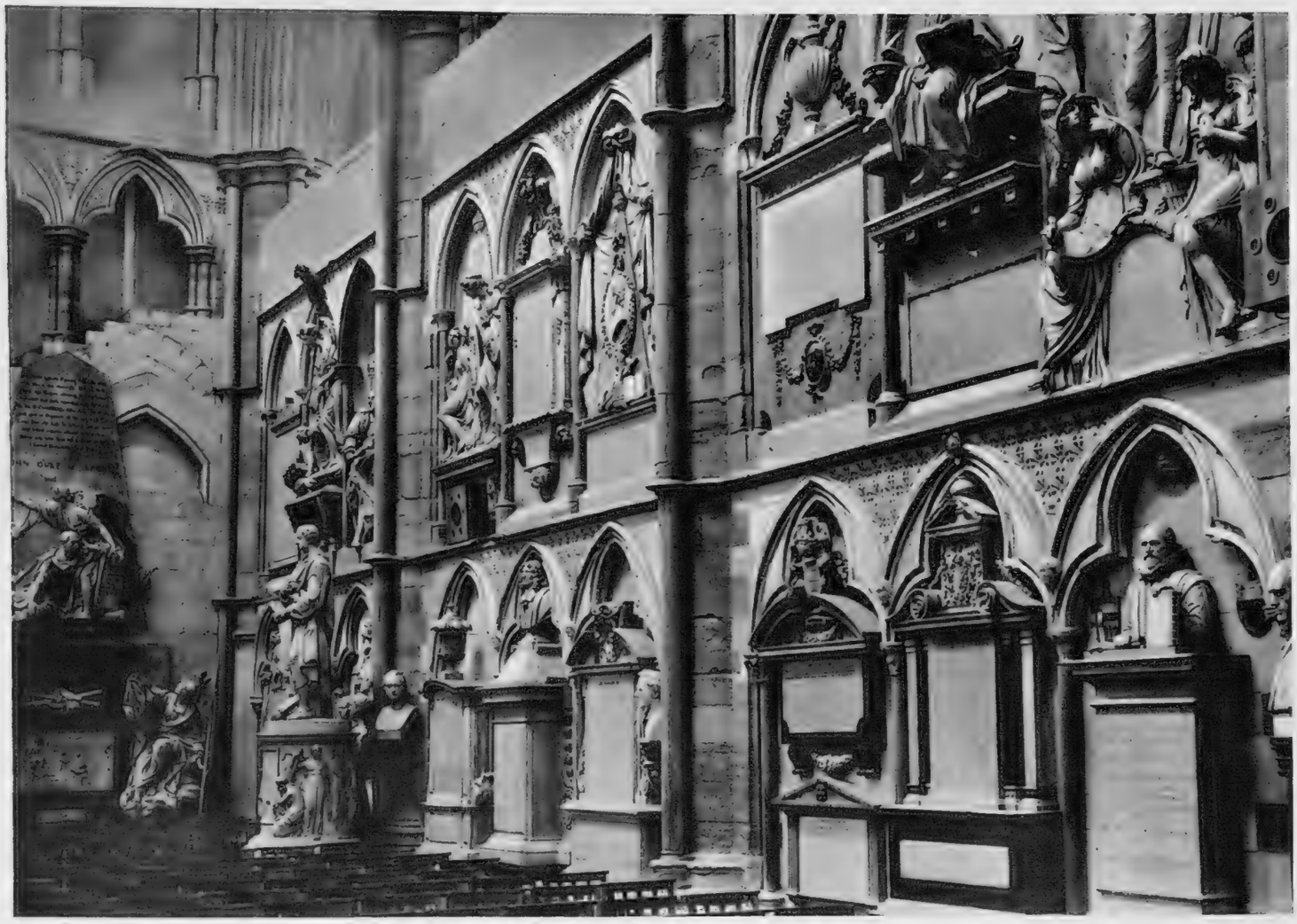
"Masaryk . . . became in his own person an incorporation and concentration . . . of the idea of human equality, the rights of man and of the citizen, the idea of freedom, the humanitarian idea of international brotherhood, and finally the whole ideology of modern democracy. . . ."

Nothing, perhaps, shows more clearly that the torch lighted by Masaryk is now being borne aloft by his successors, than this final exhortation by President Benes to the Czechoslovak people:—

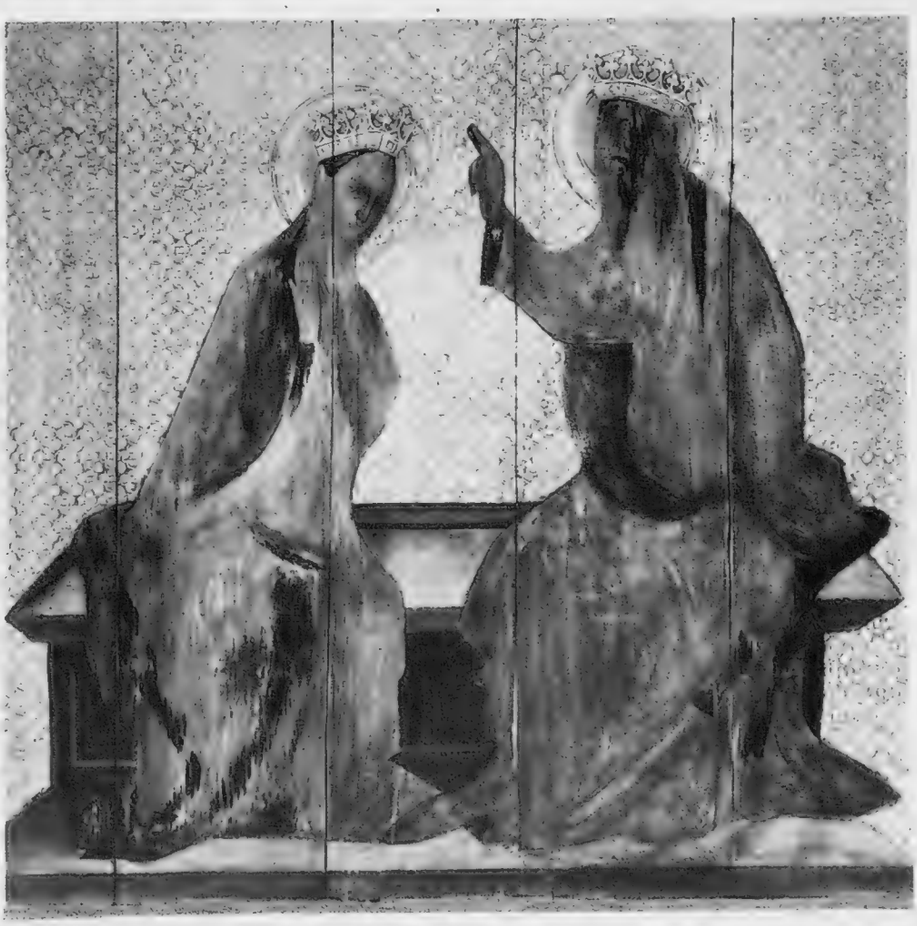
"I call upon all of you," Dr. Benes declared, standing at the foot of Masaryk's coffin, "without distinction, in the spirit and in the remembrance of our first president, to take up your heritage and complete his work, the perfecting of our just, firm, indomitable, evolutionary, humanitarian democracy."

WESTMINSTER ABBEY REOPENS AFTER NINE MONTHS

Repolished Marble, Brighter Stonework, and Other Notable Improvements Carried Out by His Majesty's Office of Works



THE NEW GLORY OF THE SOUTH TRANSEPT: Visitors to Westminster Abbey last Sunday, when it was reopened after nine months, noted with appreciation all that had been done to beautify this part of the shrine since the Coronation. Men of the Office of Works have cleansed it of age-old coatings of grime and have clarified the inscriptions, thus giving many of the monuments an added interest. The Abbey authorities are delighted with the work



GEMS OF EARLY ENGLISH ART: *Above*—The Knight holding the banner on Edmund Crouchback's tomb and the painting on the tester of Richard II's tomb. (*Right*) are two pieces of enrichment that are accounted among the Abbey's chief painted glories. Its reopening, so eagerly awaited, brought over 7,000 people to Westminster last Sunday for the four services of thanksgiving and dedication. Quite a large number were visitors from overseas

A THRILLING FIND: These two splendid specimens of medieval art, representing St. Thomas the Apost with the Christ Child, have been brought to light on the wall of the south transept of Westminster Abb to the Chapel of St. Faith (right) and behind the monument to Gay, of *Beggars Opera* fame. For gener hidden beneath coatings of grime, and their discovery is regarded as an event of high importance. The public are now able to see them as the Abbey, which has been closed since the Coronation, is again open

MODERN METHODS WITH THE DUST OF AGES: A vacuum cleaner in operation during the final stages of the preparation of Westminster Abbey for its reopening last Sunday morning after nine months in the hands of the Office of Works

The Abbey's Reopening:

By the Reverend Jocelyn Perkins

VERY nearly nine long months have come and gone since the vigorous normal life of Westminster Abbey was for the time being suspended. Save on the actual day of the great solemnity of the Coronation the familiar ding-dong summoning folk to prayer day by day, and the joyous peals between the hours of 12 noon and 1 o'clock which mark the great Festivals of the Church and important anniversaries in the life of the nation have not been heard.

Thus it brought a very real sense of relief to many when the familiar doors were thrown open again on Sunday and the offering of prayer and praise never fewer than three times every day was once more resumed.

When the crowds of people thronged into the Abbey Church on Sunday, the old landmarks were apparent as before but the hand of change has not been idle during the last nine months and certain features of interest will be arresting the attention of many.

So soon as ever people pass into the centre of the building they will be struck with a marvellous change for the better in the condition of the lantern. It is not perhaps generally known that the upper portion of the lantern was devastated in the year 1803 by a fire (due to the carelessness of a workman) which might have been fraught with truly appalling consequences. A restoration of a clumsy description followed at the hands of the celebrated James Wyatt the "destroyer," at that time the official Surveyor of the Abbey church and buildings. His poor undistinguished work was somewhat improved about half a century later by one of his successors, Sir Gilbert Scott, but the latter aided by the vigorous Sub-Dean of that time, the Rev. Lord John Thynne, made the mistake of filling the somewhat diminutive windows with stained glass, so deeply coloured as to be almost opaque in character through which the sun has the utmost difficulty in penetrating save on the brightest of summer days. Add to this the inevitable accumulation of dirt, the result of our smoke-ridden climate, and the net result has been that on looking upwards the lantern has all these years presented the appearance of a dark cavern.

All this dirt and grime have disappeared from the surface of the masonry while the stained glass has undergone a process of scientific

(*Continued on page 40*)

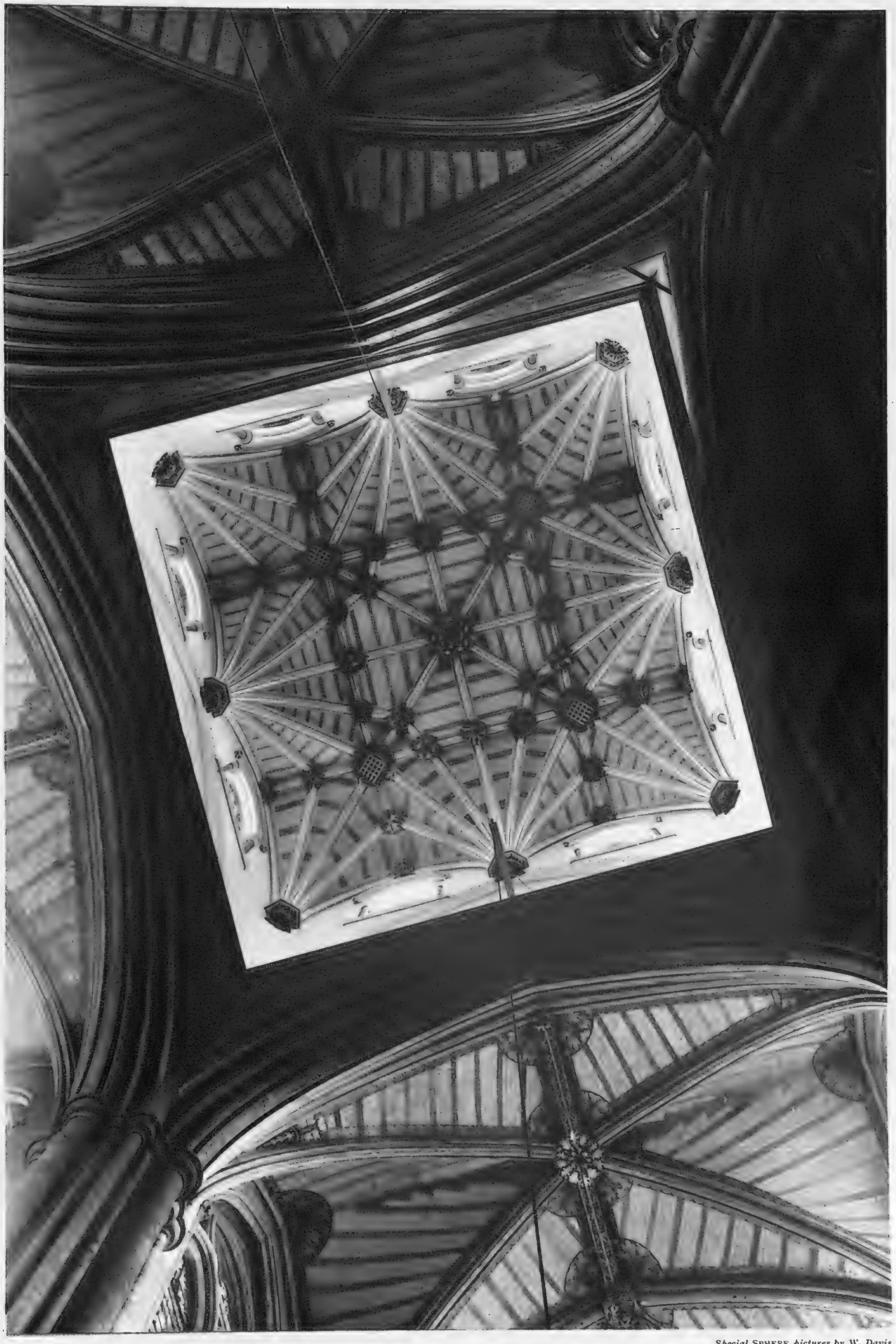
THE SUPERB DETAIL OF TH cannot be fully appreci floor, so two close-up re placed near the base o

A Great Discovery at Westminster Abbey

Two Glorious Medieval Paintings Revealed with the Reopening of the National Shrine

tle and St. Christopher
bbey near the entrance
erations they have been

HE CENSING ANGELS
ated from the Abbey
productions have been
f one of the columns



Special SPHERE *pictures by W. Davis*

RESTORED TO ITS PRISTINE BEAUTY: Visitors to the newly re-opened Abbey will at once be struck with the change that has been made in the condition of the lantern which of recent years has had the appearance of a dark cavern, covered as it was with age-old coatings of dirt. Now all this grime has disappeared from the surface of the masonry and the stained-glass windows, the elaborately and magnificently carved bosses with their coats of arms, and the other architectural features are once again distinguishable in their entirety

DRAMA AND FILMS:

IN *I Have Been Here Before* at the Royalty Theatre Mr. J. B. Priestley has written a play in three acts and in four dimensions. The second half of my description will no more hold water than Mr. Priestley's metaphysics, for a four-dimensional play is not for finite playwrights. But he borders on the fourth dimension and in his brilliant (yet, I submit, quite unsound) adaptation of the space-time theory he makes his audience interested in and, indeed, thrilled (though that word has associations with that most tiresome of all dramatic forms the "thriller") over matters which are usually confined to tough text books.

The idea of previous existence, present existence, and future existence being rolled into one simply because there is no past, no present, and no future as conceived by an unimaginative stock-broker might, as the subject matter for a play, become an obscure muddle, all questions of soundness and unsoundness apart. The author's philosophy actually is, in my opinion, an obscure muddle because he has mixed up moral and mental processes. His idea of being born again has rather too much of the flavour of a Salvation Army exhortation. It is none the worse for that from the ethical standpoint. Unfortunately the space-time theory—or whatever other label it may bear—does not and cannot have anything to do with ethics.

OLD FLAMES MEET AGAIN: Sir Rupert Morellian (Cecil Parker), one of the pillars of the stage, renews his friendship with Billie Lacey (Ivy St. Helier), once a music hall star, now an Oxford Street shop assistant. These two are central characters in Dodie Smith's latest play *Bonnet Over the Windmill* which is drawing this clever playwright's devotees to the New Theatre. It is not regarded as one of her best efforts, but it is well worth seeing for the sake of the first two acts which are packed with bright dialogue. The finish is a trifle long-winded, but since the first night some judicious pruning has been done

Mr. Priestley's notion that a set of characters who have acted in a certain way in one existence can be prevented from acting in a similar way in another existence and, by behaving in a more moral fashion, can be rewarded by promotion to a better and more comfortable plane takes a deuce of a lot of swallowing. I, for one, cannot swallow it and do not propose to try but to turn instead from the job of picking holes in Mr. Priestley's metaphysics to the much more pleasant one of praising his genius as the creator of certainly the best play I have seen for ten years.

I Have Been Here Before is indeed, a great play. It is sincere, it is moving, and it is fashioned with consummate technique. For one whose connection with the theatre is a comparatively recent growth the author's technique is amazing. In most of his plays he rarely puts a foot wrong; in this one he puts it wrong not at all. Nothing is wasted; there is not an incident or a situation too much. What is more, there is a *crescendo* of excitement about the doings of these people, culminating in a superb last act. And in this, Mr. Priestley being an artist as well as a technician, the temptation is resisted to end on a high note.

Who are these people? A business magnate, concerned with too much whisky and too young a wife; a young schoolmaster; a German professor; and the Yorkshire landlord (and his daughter) of the remote country-inn in which they are staying. The guests, it seems, have all been there before and on that visit the young wife and the schoolmaster fell in love, the husband shot himself, and the lovers lived unhappily ever afterwards, or, at least, until the time came round to start the same old business all over again. The German professor knew this and was determined to prevent an exact repetition. So he prevailed upon the outraged husband not to commit suicide (suicides, apparently, have a hellishly uncomfortable time in the next innings) but to let the lovers go their way, if not with his blessing, with as good a grace as may be.

How did the professor know? I don't know. I would not even like to say that I was certain Mr. Priestley knows. What I am certain about is, that this is a thundering fine play which every intelligent theatre-goer should see.

Mr. Lewis Casson has produced it in a simple, restrained, and extraordinarily effective manner, and himself plays the omniscient German. Specially do I commend the absence of all conscious struggling after eerie atmosphere. Mr. Wilfrid Lawson's business man is a creation of unforgettable power — what a fine actor is this!— and Miss Patricia Hilliard, Mr. William Fox, and Miss Eileen Beldon complete a cast in every way worthy of this masterpiece.

SHAVIAN COMEDY AT THE OLD VIC: Diana Wynyard is at the top of her form in *Pygmalion* as Eliza Doolittle (Mrs. Patrick Campbell's original part), the Covent Garden flower girl whom the professor of phonetics (Robert Morley, left) attempts to turn into a lady and, in the process, nearly becomes a gentleman himself

Special SPHERE *Pictures*

"INTO SOMETHING RICH AND STRANGE": Another impression of Diana Wynyard as the flower girl turned socialite in *Pygmalion* which, like all good comedies, does not date one wit despite the fact that it first saw the footlights nearly a quarter of a century ago. Miss Wynyard has never acted more full-bloodedly, entering into the spirit of what is undoubtedly one of Shaw's most polished efforts. Philip Page's review appears on the next page

"Take It Easy."

—When in the theatre part of the story-telling concerns some great achievement in the world of art, and we are shown what is intended to be the realisation of that achievement, perilous paths indeed are trod. I can think of only one person who trod them successfully and his name was Richard Wagner. Wagner set out to write an opera round a Prize Song, and in that song managed to compose one of the loveliest melodies of all time.

WELLSIAN VEIN: In both running simultaneo deals with the ques a scene between Mervyn Johns, play unpleasant little *Time and the Con*

J. B. Priestley's Play in Three Acts and Four Dimensions — a Really Brilliant Effort: A Poor Musical Comedy at the Palace: Donat and Dietrich Co-Star

By PHILIP PAGE

Take it Easy, the new musical comedy at the Palace, is about a young girl who seeks a job in a revue, and—the second part of the entertainment being the revue itself, play-within-a-play fashion—has to be hailed as one of the greatest stars of all time. "You're the Hit of the Show" was one of the numbers sung about—and at—her. Now this, as I have indicated, is asking for trouble. Risks would abound even if the young lady in question had talent in plenty. Miss Barbara Blair, who is also a co-author of the show, gave no evidence of talent in plenty. Her line is imitation, childish *gaucherie*, and unsophistication generally. This involved the deliberate mispronunciation of words and the singing of nonsense songs in a high-piping and semi-audible voice. For a couple of minutes this might have been tolerable and even pleasant; but since Miss Blair allotted to herself a whale of a part, I found the evening depressing in the extreme.

his new plays, now
usly, J. B. Priestley
tion of time. Here is
Eileen Erskine and
ing the part of an
self-made man, in
ways at the Duchess

IMPRESSION OF AN IMPRESSIONIST: Esmund Knight in the title role of Dan Burke's play *Van Gogh* in which he portrays the character of the great artist with rare feeling and undoubted sincerity. The show was recently put on at the Arts Theatre

JOHN GIELGUD IN HIS FAVOURITE PART: As he appears in the title role of *Richard II* which is being presented for a limited season at the Queen's Theatre and, let us hope, achieving the success it deserves. The play is not by any means one of Shakespeare's finest works, although some of its passages reflect the very peak of his genius; but Mr. Gielgud makes the most of his opportunities, presenting a complete portrait of a far from complete king and, towards the close, investing him with a tragic dignity. *On left*—John of Gaunt (Leon Quartermaine) consoles Bolingbroke (Michael Redgrave) after Richard has sent him to exile

It would not have mattered much in these circumstances what the rest of *Take It Easy* was like. But in truth it was not very good, though Mr. Timburg (another co-author) proved a hard-working little comedian and some good work came from Miss Patricia Burke and Miss Judy Kelly. The most agreeable feature was the nimble dancing of an exceptionally comely chorus.

I gather that the show has now been "improved and strengthened." There was need.

"Knight Without Armour" (Film).—Between Russia and the neighbourhood of Uxbridge is a great gulf fixed, and the producers of the film, *Knight Without Armour*, are to be congratulated on the way they have bridged it. This film is said to have cost £200,000 and even allowing for the large portion of that sum which went to Miss Marlene Dietrich I can well believe it.

For all that, this is, on the whole, a disappointing affair. It is a story of the Russian revolution and although politics are throughout subordinate to adventures and the scales are held with, I thought, perfect fairness between whites and reds, our Left political stalwarts are in a state of high indignation over what they call anti-Soviet propaganda. Since every film sponsored and applauded by the "Lefties," whether they be deep red or the palest pink, is flagrant propaganda on the other side and of an infinitely more violent brand, this is pretty cool. But it is not a surprising attitude in those whose motto is "freedom of speech for everybody except the fellow you don't agree with."

The politics are, despite all the protests, completely colourless. So much the better. The story is also colourless. So much the worse. Here is familiar theatrical stuff—a young man who has to pilot a young woman through exciting times and places, and who, of course, falls in love with her. The production is perfect, but never does the story come to life. Miss Dietrich herself is largely responsible for the lifelessness. Glamour and expensive frocks are delightful in their way and she knows how to display both.

Miss Dietrich stepping across the pavement or being acclaimed by pit and gallery at a theatrical first-night is an institution. But Miss Dietrich stepping through a film which tries hard to be romantic and exciting with the famous glamorous serenity means just nothing. No matter what the situation, there is the same moon-like face (beautiful though rather too much of it), the same arched eyebrows (which have so little relation to the eyes that they could have been painted on her shoulder-blades with just as much, or little, effect) and the same impression, or conviction, that here is not a girl who is the heroine of some sort of romance but Miss Marlene Dietrich being Miss Marlene Dietrich.

I have more than once been given to understand that the mighty film public does not require its idols to identify themselves with any role in any film, but merely to exploit their personalities. If this is so, Miss Dietrich is to be congratulated on her acquiescence. I do not join in the acquiescence, for I have an idea, based on no sort of evidence, that Miss Dietrich could act if she wanted to act.

Mr. Robert Donat is a good actor and did not seem to resent revealing the fact. Mr. John Clements and Mr. Miles Malleson, relieved of the necessity of being glamorous, were able to concentrate on giving extraordinarily fine performances in parts tantalisingly small.

"Pygmalion."—Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* is far too good a play to rely on the notoriety it first achieved owing to the fact that in it is spoken a word with which, when it was first produced, Polite Society was familiar but did not use. Now Polite Society is still more familiar with it and uses it too b——y frequently.

The revival at the Old Vic is interesting not only because this is a most subtle comedy, infinitely preferable to the odd mixture of preaching and fooling which is found in so much of the later Shaw, but because it enables Miss Diana Wynyard to put up a good show.

WHEN SHANGHAI WAS YOUNG:

Early Pictures of the Great City that in Less than a Century has Risen from Once Foul Mud Flats

EIGHTY YEARS BACK: Some of the first residences erected on Shanghai Bund; a picture taken in the 50s of the last century when the British, French, and American concessions were less than a decade old and the western merchant princes were only just beginning to lay the foundations of their own and of the city's prosperity. The settlement grew slowly at first, its small band of white residents facing immense difficulties largely through the unconstitutional position arising from the fact that they had set up their own legislative assembly on what was, after all, foreign soil. Perseverance was, however, rewarded in full measure

SOOCHOW CREEK IN 1885: In modern times this has become the very heart of the International Settlement with great merchant houses towering on either bank and a constant stream of traffic crossing the bridges. Half-a-century ago life there was far from bustling, though palatial residences in the British quarter clearly evidenced the rising tide of prosperity. Already silk, tea, cotton, sugar, wool, hides, and beans were being exported in considerable quantities, but the total annual trade was infinitesimal compared with the £50,000,000 or so that has been averaged during the past decade and will be again when war ceases

BEFORE THE PASSING OF THE "SQUARE-RIGS": The American Concession (since linked with the British Concession) viewed from the Whangpoo with sailing ships and a steamship moored beside the wharves. Another picture taken in 1885—a halfway stage in the transformation of the once foul mud flats into China's most prosperous seaport, doing very nearly one half of the country's foreign trade. Now there are about 50,000 foreigners living within the settlement

IN THE DAYS OF THE HORSE CAB: Waiting for a fare outside a commercial house on the Bund, the handsome riverside drive built from the mud flats of the Whangpoo. Shanghai in the 'nineties began to throw off its pioneer aspect and had well-paved and lighted streets and a host of other amenities

SHANGHAI'S rise has been as romantic as that of any city associated with British enterprise, and though it cannot claim quite the same mushroom growth as Johannesburg or Vancouver, its story of pioneering must thrill the least imaginative. It was in 1842 that five ports were thrown open to British traders, and one of them, Shanghai, then a mere anchoring place for junks, first loomed large on the commercial horizon. By 1885 (when all but one of the pictures on this page were taken) the progressive settlement was the home of many a prosperous merchant prince, and Victorian foresightedness had once again begun to reap its due reward

THE YANG KING PANG CREEK dividing the British Concession (right) from the French Concession which since its inception has continued to maintain its independence. Nowadays the creek has lost its untidy appearance, embankments keeping it within narrow bounds as it wends its way to the Whangpoo

SEEING THE CITY OF SPIRES: Trousered and beautiful Miss Loh Yoke Wah, a Chinese girl from Kuala Lampur, capital of the Federated Malay States, walking through a college "quad" at Oxford a few days ago

TO THEM A GRIM REALITY: Students taking notes at the China Institute, Gower Street, London, during a lecture by Dr. W. C. Bentall, O.B.E., F.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., on the nature and properties of war gases. It was clear that they paid the greatest attention to the discourse, realising, no doubt, that the knowledge thus gained may serve them in good stead when they return in a short while to their war-invaded native land

WOMEN ALSO ATTENDED Dr. Bentall's lecture at the China Institute, the subject of which was so apposite. He told them of the many and varied modes of attack from the air and how to employ antidotes for the different kinds of poisonous gas. He spoke for an hour, afterwards answering a multitude of eager questions

STRANGE NEW WORLD: Peter Howe, son of Mr. R. G. Howe (the British Chargé d'Affaires in Nanking, who is deputising for the Ambassador during his convalescence), pictured with his mother on arrival at Eton last week. He is one of the new boys this "half"

IT MAY BE FAR FROM CHIC, but very nearly every Chinese girl is learning to wear the gas mask these days. These London students may soon be returning to their own country to face the horrors of conflict

CHINA in LONDON

Boy and Girl Students Learn Something of the Horrors of Gas Warfare at a Lecture at Their Institute in Gower Street

DR. BENTALL AT THE BLACKBOARD explaining to the young audience at the China Institute the constitution of what is popularly known as sneezing gas. His hearers were quite obviously very appreciative of his clear exposition of scientific technicalities and at the finish gave him a great ovation

WINTER PRELUDE

□

Significant Models in a Season of Great Luxury and Variety

By night you may be romantic, seductive, or elegant, for these are the highlights of all the collections. For the young there is nothing more charming than a bouffant dress, and the one on the right is fashion perfect, for it is made in flame-coloured lacquered cloqué patterned in gold, it has a close-fitting gauged corsage with shoulder straps of velvet, it has a wide skirt that falls from a slender waist, and it is completed by a waist-length short sleeved jacket. What is more, it costs only 6½ guineas, and it comes from Harrods of Knightsbridge

The Romantic

Variety is the spice of life, but in Fashion it presents many pitfalls. Only the very rich can indulge in it wholeheartedly, especially when, as will be the case this winter, the whole trend is towards richness of fabric and of ornamentation; when even the simplest little frocks are subtly draped, and even the most unpretentious suits are loaded with flat fur. For most of us the golden rule will be to choose with especial care those things that are essential, and to spend as much as possible on them. Look out for black suits with vivid blouses; tweed suits in bright clear colours allied with tartan; draped day dresses in black with gold jewellery, or in violet-blue, claret, grape, or red-brown; for formal suits that have velvet skirts and cloth coats; for tailored top-coats with all the fulness at the back; for winter coats with panels and godets and extravagant collars of fur; for lamé cocktail dresses: for dinner dresses of every type, since they are tremendously important; for draped frocks that touch the ground at the back and are shortened or deeply slit at the front; for picture-frocks with loose panels of lace or net; for firework sequins on afternoon or evening models; for evening capes; and for dramatic full-length evening coats in glimmering brocaded lamés or molten fabrics embroidered in jewel colours

The frock on the left shows a second silhouette that is overwhelmingly popular. In violet-blue crease-resisting velvet, it has the new draped corsage and inset corselet belt ornamented with diamanté buttons, while the handsome shoulder straps are embroidered in blue bugles and diamant'. This, too, comes from Harrods, and the price is 8½ guineas

The Sheath

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This England . . .

(Near Redmarley—Gloucestershire)

LET us be thankful for clouds. Let us remember that the blue we crave can, at a month's end, prove more pitiless, more deadening than the downpours of our "February fill-dyke." The great cloud galleons enhance the blue — and give us the green; add gaiety to a March morning and purple majesty to the close of day. And when they decant "upon the place beneath," that you are there is an accident; that the flowers and grass, the barley and the hops are there, is of design. For your enrichment, for your comfort, the rain falls — to give you fine cattle, good crops . . . and Worthington. Yes, let there be clouds.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

GO SOUTH this year

"The use of travelling is to regulate imagination by reality and, instead of thinking how things may be, to see them as they are."
JOHNSON

Why not follow Dr. Johnson's precept this year? Break away from the conventional: adventure forth to visit new scenes, to see things as they are.

The fascination of bringing into the orbit of reality place names and scenes so vividly described in Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines": the thrill of following in the footsteps of Livingstone and other famous explorers—these are memories that endure.

Africa presents a variety of new experiences to her guests. At one end of the scale there are the Greatest River Wonder and the largest Wild Life Sanctuary in existence; at the other, modern cities and delightful health resorts where the tempo of life is planned for rest, recuperation and amusement. Over all the sun spreads his genial influence, brightening each and every day throughout the year with eight or nine hours of glorious sunshine.

Full information and descriptive brochures about this Dominion can be obtained from the Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, or the principal Tourist Agencies.

SOUTH AFRICA

WINTER SUNSHINE TOURS

EGYPT, SUDAN, SOUTHERN INDIA, CEYLON & BURMA

BIBBY LINE

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET TO.....
BIBBY BROS. & CO. Martins Bank Bldg., Water St., L'pool
22 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1
Or any Passenger Agency.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF H.M. QUEEN MARY.

Visit the Fourth
ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR
and Exhibition
in the Great Hall of
GROSVENOR HOUSE
(Entrance in Upper Grosvenor Street)

DAILY
(Excepting Sundays)
10.30 a.m.—8.0 p.m.
until
Friday, Oct. 15th.

Admission 2/- (Including tax)

Of which half will be given to the Westminster Hospital Building Fund and the British Antique Dealers' Association.

A unique opportunity of viewing what is perhaps the finest collection of authentic antiques ever gathered together for sale under one roof.

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS—ONE SHILLING

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Pleasantest Months to to Stay in Edinburgh

of golf itself—St. Andrews—and there give the natives an exhibition of how to play the ancient game.

There is a lot more one would say about Lundin Links and its hotel, but there are other parts of Scotland calling, and now right across to the other side of the country to a part which is, as yet, almost entirely neglected by the tourist. So next time you are Scotland bound, turn westward from Carlisle, on through Dumfries, Kirkcudbright (pronounced Kir-coooo-brie, please) around Wigtown Bay by Gatehouse of Fleet and Newton Stewart on to Stranraer (pronounced "rar" or "raw" and not "rear") and there make for the Auld King's Arms Hotel and introduce yourself to Captain and Mrs. MacRobert who will endorse every word I say about the month of October and the winter too as far as the Mull of Galloway is concerned.

In half an hour Captain MacRobert can show you country which combines the Cornish coast, Devon lanes, and Yorkshire moors. He can direct you to dozens of unspoilt bays where you can sun-bask in winter. If you still want your golf you can play it on a different course every day of the week, and if you are appreciative of an atmosphere of an old inn, coupled with modern comforts, good fare, and genial hospitality you will not regret a week in October or any other month in this unknown corner of Scotland which adheres to the mainland by only a narrow strip of 8 miles.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

A. P. M. (Birmingham).—Yes, you are quite right. Billiards in many an hotel often does mean cast-iron cushions and tipless cues, but this is really the public's fault for their lack of interest in the game. But there are quite a number of hotels where billiards is a very popular item. Perhaps the best known in this respect is the Solent Cliffs Hotel on the West Cliff at Bournemouth. Here is a headquarters for billiards activity and a lady champion, Miss Thelma Carpenter, nearly always in residence. It is the only hotel I know where they hold a regular billiards week, and their seventh annual week is being held this year from November 6 to 13. Amongst the matches are a break handicap open to all, handicap matches both for ladies and men. Ladies' team match—London versus Bournemouth—and a snooker competition. I do not know whether they talk in billiards circles in terms of tigers and rabbits, but anyone keen on the game should certainly make a note of that particular week.

A. T. H. (Oxford).—Your inquiry for a good hotel at Christmas where there is plenty going on coincided with my receiving the first of the hotel Christmas programmes, that of the Grand, Torquay. You could not choose a better place or find a more varied programme which commences at 4 p.m. on Wednesday, December 22, and concludes on New Year's Day—time not stated. Harry Evans and his band will of course be playing nightly for dancing, and in Mr. and Mrs. Paul, the joint managers there, you will find indefatigable hosts.

A. E. T. (London).—With regard to your inquiry in respect of the Great North Road, I note that you cannot leave London until latish and do not want to motor far in the dark. Why not stay then either at the Anchor at Tempsford, 51 miles out, or at Ye Olde White Horse at Eaton Socon. In both cases you will continue your journey in the morning—rejoicing.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

FORTFIELD HOTEL, SIDMOUTH

Fully Licensed

Overlooking Sea. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Facilities for Bathing from Hotel.

Lift
Self-contained Suites
Garage

Patronised by Royalty

R.A.C. A.A.

Telephone 39

Zounds! BUILT 1690

Shall we winter in comfort? Aye, and old fashions please us best at the Gulielmi et Mariae. Old ways, old wood, old furnishings . . . fires to warm the marrow, good ale and capon to rejoice the vitals! Soft beds and the modernest appurtenances to every chamber and suite thereof. Craftsmen to serve and cook for us. Golf to those that wot. To hounds . . . eleven meets a week. Old wines and gay spirits i' The Bar. The Cotswolds our playground . . . and the terms all-comprehending that do verily comfort our hearts and purses. Write to Mine Host, H. Mathew Stevenson, or 'phone 2575. (Hacks and Hunters at the door upon request.)

The William & Mary ✣ Stratford-on-Avon ✣

And this year . . . Grove Hall

Because it's a homely hotel with crackling open fires and central heating run on country house lines in 12½ acres of grounds. Because there's a private bathroom to every bedroom . . . food, wine and comfort equally Utopian. Because it's but 34 miles by road to London . . . and 37 minutes by rail. Because there's golf, a hard tennis court and squash at Sonning. Because you will be welcomed and because the terms are reasonable and inclusive—**4** to **6** gns. a week, no more, no less. Write or 'phone: Twyford 106.

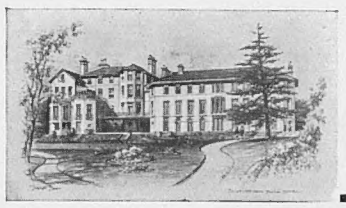
GROVE HALL, TWYFORD, Berks.

COME AND SEE . . . something distinctly different. A house that is very "liveable-in." No staff, rates, or taxes to bother with; a house where you can have a room which is more of a sitting room than a bedroom . . . or a luxury suite. A telephone in every room. No extra charge for tea in bed . . . meal in your room . . . fires . . . garage.

THE RED HOUSE EGERTON ROAD **WEYBRIDGE**

SINGLE FROM 4 GNS. DOUBLE FROM 8 GNS.

Half-a-mile from Weybridge Station. St. George's Hill Golf and Tennis Clubs. *Telephone 1550*

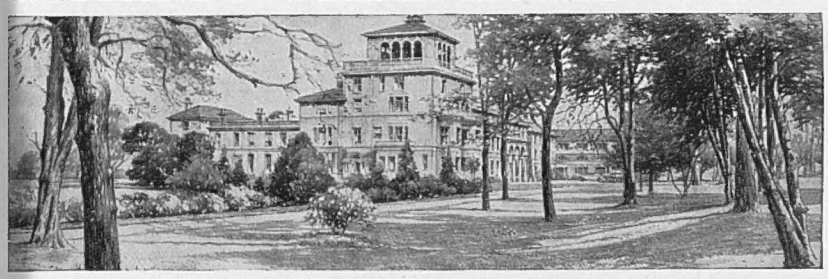


WHEN DAYS DRAW IN

there is always a cheerful, restful, and cosy atmosphere at Southdown Hall, where you can live luxuriously from as low as 4 gns. a week. 400 ft. up, facing full South. Fully licensed. Bridge, Billiards, Ballroom. Wimbledon 0811-2.

SOUTHDOWN HALL THE DOWNS **HOTEL** WIMBLEDON

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL WEYBRIDGE



Beautiful Park of 60 acres. Private Golf Course. Tennis, Badminton, and Squash Courts. Dancing every Saturday. All inclusive, from 5 guineas weekly.

Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. Telephone : Weybridge 1190 (six lines).

Country-cum-Sea-cum-London-Town

5 minutes from the Downs, half-a-mile from the sea. In 1 hr. 20 mins. fast electric trains will take you to Victoria. A conveniently situated hotel for a week-end or longer.

FERRING GRANGE HOTEL NR. WORTHING

Squash, tennis, riding "on tap." Four Golf Courses to choose from.

Further information with pleasure from the Resident Director, or telephone Goring 21.

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL JERSEY

An Autumn holiday? Our flowers, our sunshine, our bathing, and the comfort and amenities of our hotel should make St. Brelade's your choice. And for winter . . . the same equable climate, our sheltered situation, our wonderful outlook, our cooking . . . and our moderate terms make St. Brelade's the obvious haven from an English winter. Chapter and verse with pleasure from the Proprietor, A. Colley.

Telegrams : "Sheltered, Jersey."

— An hour and a half by plane from Heston —

In the quiet of the Cathedral Close . . .

Visitors to the West Country in autumn should not fail to stay at the Royal Clarence—an 18th-century coaching house complete with every modern comfort. Grill room. Lift. Fully licensed. Write for brochure.

Royal Clarence Hotel
EXETER
Telephone 4071-2

Southport in October . . .

Where the season never ends . . . the gay whirl of Lord Street, golf on one of the famous seven courses, dancing at the Prince, and a hundred other indoor and out-of-door activities all at their best at Southport in autumn. Now is the time to take a late holiday or better still settle down for the winter at the

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL SOUTHPORT'S LEADING HOTEL

the congregating point of Who's Who in the North. Good food, comfort and courtesy. Dancing every Saturday night.

Write to H. Gascoigne, Managing Director, for further details. Telephones 4131.

SCOTLAND

EDINBURGH

THE ALISON HOTEL

Telephones: 31295-6 Melville Crescent *Telegrams:* "Melcrest, Edinburgh"

Centrally situated in a quiet position in the West End of the City
Modernly equipped throughout :: Electric Elevator

THE ABBEY'S REOPENING

(*Continued from page 20*)

cleansing. Thus to-day the lantern may be said to be full of airy brightness and lightness while the great bosses carved with various coats of arms can be distinguished in their entirety.

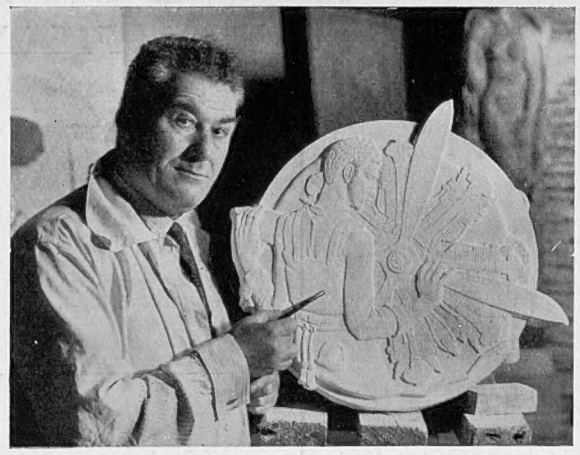
Far more interesting however, at any rate to the eye of the archæologist, are the two glorious medieval paintings of St. Thomas the Apostle and St. Christopher with the Christ Child which have been discovered on the wall of the south transept hard by the entrance to the Chapel of St. Faith. For long generations have these peerless works of art been hidden away unknown to anyone behind the monument of the poet Gay of *Beggar's Opera* fame. The rescue of these two splendid specimens of medieval art is an event of the highest importance.

Not very long ago the eyes of many were delighted by the marvellous transformation of Henry VII's Chapel thanks to a similar process of scientific cleansing. It was not possible at the time to complete the task by the similar treatment of the two side aisles of the chapel. During this long period of silence however the Abbey staff have been at work upon the north aisle and the little priest's chamber which forms part of it, with the happiest results.

For upwards of nine months before the actual closing of the Abbey the services were being rendered in a sadly emasculated form owing to the rebuilding, a work long overdue, of the great organ pending the Coronation ceremony. We must not anticipate things but we venture to believe that when the public hears the revivified instrument, on which many thousands of pounds have been spent by the Dean and Chapter, they will be amazed by its beauty.

But unfortunately there never was an ointment without its fly! This magnificent instrument is to-day standing there gaunt and bare devoid of any semblance of case, a sad blot upon the fair beauty of the Abbey church.

A great rebuilding of the organ took place under the auspices of the late Sir Frederick Bridge in the year 1884 and for the best part of the following fifteen years the appearance of the organ was deplorable in the extreme, as bad as it is to-day. At length, however, funds came in, largely as a result of the celebration of the bi-centenary of the death of the greatest of all the Abbey musicians, Henry Purcell. The two splendid cases on either side with which we have all of us been familiar for many long years past were designed by the late Mr. J. L. Pearson. During 1936 they were of necessity removed and it is also understood that they will require a certain amount of reconstruction, which means money in order to adapt them to the conditions of the enlarged organ. History has a way of repeating itself, but we do most sincerely trust that the long gap of fifteen years between the rebuilding of the organ and the clothing of it in a seemly garb which followed upon the year 1884 will in this case not be repeated, and that in a few months time from now at the most the two cases inseparably associated with the great name of Purcell will once more be seen *in situ* in all their beauty.



CIVIC COMMISSION: Mr. James Woodford, A.R.A. at work on one of the plaques he is making to adorn the doors of Norwich's fine new town hall. Some of the sculptures represent the city's history and some its leading industries. This example stands for aviation

COMPARING NOTES: Members of the Women's Engineering Society standing outside Crosby Hall, Chelsea, where they attended a conference a few days ago and discussed various aspects of their work. Dr. Heywood (left), Miss K. M. Cook (third from left), and Miss V. Hanes (second from right) are all engaged in electrical engineering

When You Go to Paris or Berlin

At the Paris Offices of *The Sketch*, *The Illustrated London News*, *The Sphere*, *The Tatler*, *The Bystander*, *Britannia and Eve*, *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, 65 and 67 Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32 Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

In the Training Ship *Arethusa* poor boys are being trained for a life at sea. In time these boys will serve your country and you, as they enter the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. The boys in the Homes are prepared for civil employment, and will always be employable, as they are trained for definite trades. The girls are being trained for domestic service. In these hard times, the work the Society is carrying on—of maintaining and training 1,100 poor boys and girls—must not be forgotten. Donations and legacies are urgently needed to carry on this great work, so please send a gift to the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, which will be acknowledged from this address.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Ascot.—The Berystede Hotel.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," West Parade.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Cornwall).—Welltown Manor. Tel. 17
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Bournemouth.—Southcliffe Hotel. Tel. 7140.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Falmouth.—Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere (Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel. 596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Haywards Heath.—Birch Hotel. Tel. 670.
Hinton (New Forest, Hants.).—East Close Htl.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Liss (Hampshire).—East Hill Country House Htl.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Padstow.—Metropole Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weybridge.—The Red House.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Tempsford, Beds. (51).—The Anchor.
Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Sutton-on-Trent (133¼).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Grasmere.—Prince of Wales Lake Hotel. Tel. 4.
Grasmere.—Dale Lodge Hotel. Tel. 20.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS—*Continued*

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner. Sloane 7111
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

SCOTLAND

Aberfeldy.—Taymouth Castle Hotel. Tel. 9.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Gullane.—Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Tel. 3.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire (Sma' Glen).—Amulree Hotel.
Perthshire.—The Royal Hotel, Tyndrum.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.

WALES

Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey. Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—Bonne Nuit Chalet Hotel.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.
Guernsey.—The Royal Hotel.

WEIRD STORIES

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE 2/6 PER COPY

(Postage 4d. extra)

Order with remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD.,

32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*October 2, 1937.* Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

Come to the

ISLE OF WIGHT

as a Resident or Winter Visitor.

"The Garden Isle" is healthy in climate and trade, wealthy in scenic and social attractions and wise in guarding its natural charms. Its summer starts earlier and lasts later than most other resorts and its winter is mild.

Local rates are reasonable—Schools are good. The principal towns are Cowes, Newport, Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor with Bembridge, Freshwater, Totland Bay and Yarmouth, delightful rural districts.

The Steamer (25 mins. sea trip) and Electric Train Service with London gives it the advantage of easy accessibility to and from all parts. Frequent S.R. Electric Expresses from Waterloo. "Monthly Return" Tickets from London: Ryde 15/3, Sandown 16/6, Shanklin 16/10, Ventnor 17/7, Cowes 17/10.

Write to Captain R. C. Drudge, All-Island Advertising Committee, Newport, I. of W., for Official Handbook.

Further Outlook...

Clearer vision and greater detail when you use the

VEDET

Featherweight Pocket Prism

TELESCOPE

Add this powerful prismatic monocular to your kit when holiday-making, hiking, motoring, etc. Weighs only 7 ozs. and is therefore conveniently carried on all occasions. Magnification 8 diameters, 4 ins. in length, easily focussed. For power and quality the "Vedet" is equal to a high-powered prism binocular. Illustrated brochure giving full details free on request.

£3.17.6

complete in soft leather case with sling

W. WATSON & SONS LTD

313, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

Private CASH Advances

By W. H. DURHAM LIMITED,

14, Clifford Street, London, W.1. Est. 1913.

£50 to £5,000

Without Security.

WHY REMAIN GREY?

FREE TREATISE

Nothing is more ageing than prematurely greyed hair, and until recently few things were more difficult to combat. The woman of taste disliked the idea of hair dyes because they were hard and artificial in effect, yet there was no other treatment available.

Now science has discovered a way to bring back the colour and gloss to faded hair by natural methods, that not only restores the colour, but tones up the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair — that re-creates naturally your hair's real colour and beauty from root to tip, no matter how long the greyness has existed.

You'll find the secret of how to look five, ten, fifteen years younger between the slim covers of the Boudoir Book

It will be sent free on request. Write to the Facktative Co. (Suite 18), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1

THE ONLY METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—3,000 f.a.s.l. 1½ hrs. from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel.**—Centre of Winter Sports. Patr. by Duke of Windsor. Inside swim. pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rooms, 280 bathrooms. Entirely renovated 1931. Moderate terms. Open all year.

Monte Carlo.—The Monte Carlo Palace.—1st class, up-to-date, facing Casino, sea view, open all year. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from RM. 11 upwards.

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastrasse 11.—100 beds, all mod. comfts, garage, cen. quiet sit., a hme fr hme. Incl tms fr RM.7. Man. P. Prenzel.

Hanover.—Hotel Ernst August.—The city's most distinguished hotel of international name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

SWITZERLAND.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

BY APPOINTMENT

• A new kind of sock. Self-supporting. No suspenders needed. The special patented design with a top band containing Lastex yarn does the trick. They can't come down. They don't let you down. No drag, no tightness round the leg. From 4/6. Obtainable from: Army and Navy Stores, Austin Reed, Colletts, Fortnum & Mason, Gieves, Harrods, Hawes & Curtis, Meakers, Morgan & Ball, Selfridge's, Simpsons, John Barkers, Bentalls of Kingston, etc.

TENOVA

self-supporting socks

Patent No. 323457. Reg. Design 748974.

Tenova Ltd., 157-161 Regent St., London, W.1. Regent 2424.

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend. Prices from **4 Gns.**

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 70, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

NEW SUITS FOR OLD.

Send us your favourite suit and we will copy it in one of our "John Peel" Cumberland Tweeds. Prices from 97/6 suit — 57/6 jacket. Send for patterns and particulars.

REDMAYNES

60, WIGTON, CUMBERLAND

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin

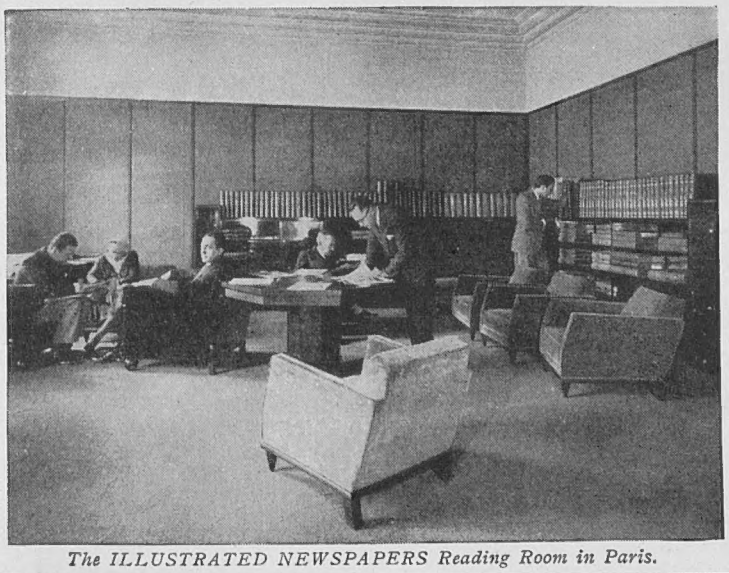
AT the PARIS Offices of "THE SKETCH," "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67 Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32 Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to:—

PARIS OFFICE: 65-67 Avenue des Champs Elysées *for*

France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.

BERLIN OFFICE: Kurfürstendamm 32, *for* Germany, Scandinavia, the Baltic States, Russia and Poland



The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES OF "THE SPHERE"

Revised from January 1st, 1935

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Xmas Number.	Six months, including Xmas Number.	Six months, no extras.	Three months, no extras.
INLAND	£3 0s. 10d.	£1 10s. 5d.	£1 9s. 3d.	14s. 9d.
CANADA	£3 0s. 8d.	£1 10s. 4d.	£1 9s. 3d.	14s. 9d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD ...	£3 5s. 6d.	£1 14s. 0d.	£1 11s. 8d.	15s. 10d.

ORDER FORM

TO THE PUBLISHER OF *The Sphere*,

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Please send me THE SPHERE *weekly for* _____ *months,*

commencing with the issue of _____

for which I enclose _____

Name _____

Address _____

Date _____ *1937*

Aged · Of Rare Mellowness · Subtle Bouquet · Distinctive....

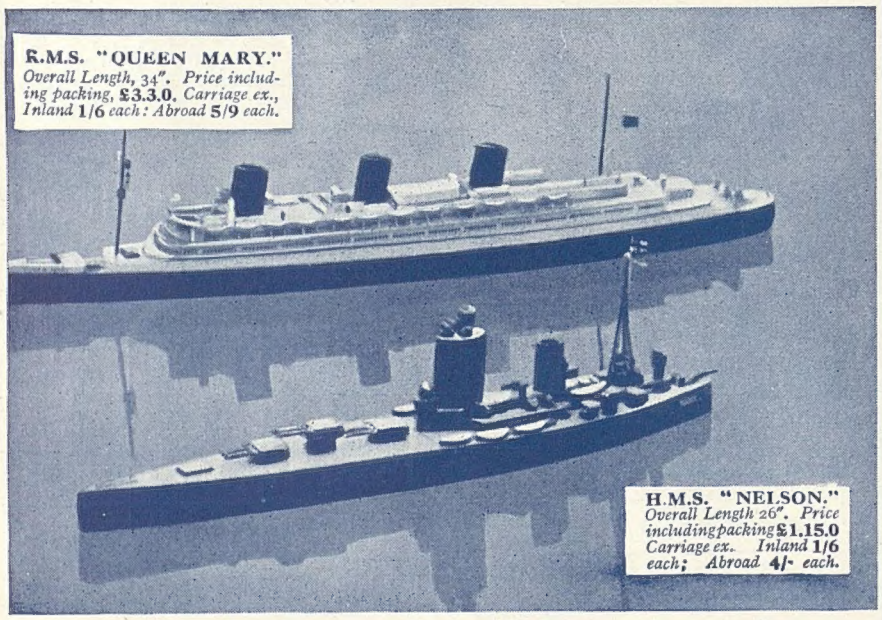
BY HOST · BY GUESTS · BY ALL PREFERRED!

Wm. Grant & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Dufftown, Scotland.

GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY

London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch:—Messrs. Hedges & Butler, Ltd. Wine Merchants, 153, Regent Street, W.1

THE FLEET IN MINIATURE



● *Electrically propelled Models and complete set of Code Signal Flags in full Colours with instructions . . .*

Interest in our Fleet and mighty ocean Liners was never greater than it is to-day. From the designs of G. H. Davis (Special artist of "The Illustrated London News") have been produced accurate scale models of our mightiest battleship, H.M.S. *Nelson*, the latest type of cruiser, H.M.S. *Southampton*, and our greatest liner, R.M.S. *Queen Mary*. The models, electrically propelled, are offered at exceptionally low prices. Details of H.M.S. Southampton (not illustrated), length 23½". Price 30/-, (carriage Inland 1/6, Abroad 4/-).

COMMUNICATION BY FLAG SIGNALS. Included with each ship is a set of International Code Signal Flags. By learning their meaning you will not only be enabled to increase the speed of your own signalling, but will be able to decipher signals made by real ships at sea. The models can be manœuvred by hand, using small, mobile trolleys, the extra cost of which is 2/-.

Orders with remittance should be sent to (Dept.R.12) London Electrotype Agency Ltd., 23-24, Fetter Lane, E.C.4, where models can be seen.

NOTABLE NUMBERS

PLAIN OR CORK TIPS Special Moisture-proof wrapping ensures Player's No.3 being always in good condition.

10 DOWNING STREET — for many years the official residence of the Prime Ministers of England. Here, just off Whitehall, lived Pitt, Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel and others.

Note also, in this connection, another famous number—Player's No. 3. Mellowness, *distinction* of flavour and aroma have long been the characteristics of this *finer* quality cigarette.

PLAYER'S NUMBER 3
EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA

20 FOR 1/4 50 FOR 3/3 50 TINS (plain only) 3/4 3.P.41.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*October 2, 1937.* Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.